Saturday Review

April 16, 1977

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FIFTY YEARS OF FLIGHT

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Buying a Ticket to Anywhere

Women in the Air

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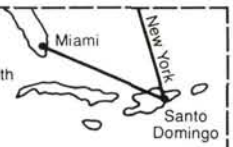

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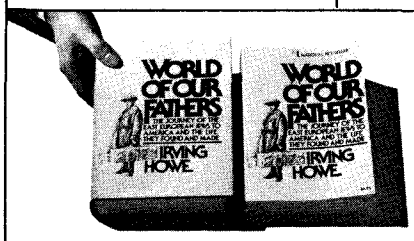

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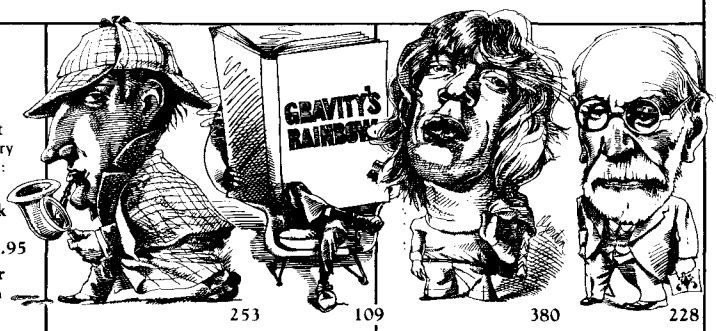

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We complain that people won't listen, but we've been talking to ourselves.

Since society can't function effectively without public confidence in its institutions (including business), we'd like to propose a change of tactics.

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Let's own up to some shortcomings in the way our system operates, and take steps to correct them.

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Report to the Readers

A YEAR ago on this page, we reported an important new development in the affairs of the *Saturday Review*. John Keller, who several years earlier had been business manager of *Time*, was joining *SR* as corporate president with responsibility for the business management of the magazine. Mr. Keller's belief in the future of *SR* was reinforced with a substantial personal investment. Within a few months, however, the pressure of the family's steel business compelled John Keller to return to Cleveland. Brief though his tenure was, he was able to lay down a new track for the forward progress of the magazine. He is a highly skilled publishing executive who very quickly won the affectionate respect of everyone on the staff. Our debt to him is great indeed.

For our new readers, a few background notes may be in order at this point. During the 1960s, the *Saturday Review* was owned by the McCall Corporation, a division of Norton Simon, Inc. That decade was the period of *SR*'s greatest growth. In 1971, however, with the retirement of Norton Simon from the company that bore his name, a decision was made by NSI to divest itself of all its publishing properties, the *Saturday Review* included. This led to the acquisition of the magazine by a group headed by John Veronis and Nicolas Charney, who had previously been the chief operating figures of *Psychology Today*. Their plan for the *Saturday Review* was to divide it into four separate monthly magazines, each with a distinct area of interest. A number of my colleagues and I resigned in polite disagreement with this plan. Fifteen months later, the four-magazine plan collapsed and the magazine filed for bankruptcy. By that time, we had launched *World Magazine*. In July 1973, at the invitation of John Veronis and with the support of the creditors, my colleagues and I took over the defunct property and set about the business of its full restoration, combining *SR* with *World*. In doing so, we assumed some 6 million dollars in subscription liabilities. We were aware at the time that no major American magazine had made a comeback from a bankruptcy, but we had the finest asset possessed by any magazine extant—we had a readership that was no less committed to the traditions of *SR* than we were.

This is not to say that the restoration was simple or automatic. It wasn't. The suspension of publication under the bankruptcy had inflicted terrible damage. The circulation list itself was in disorder, with thousands of readers calling our attention to errors in subscription fulfillment. Our paper supply was precarious; there were weeks when we didn't know whether we would be able to get on press or not. Increases in the price of paper and postage particularly were almost beyond calculation. All this had to be added to the liabilities we assumed in taking the magazine out of bankruptcy.

Where did the money come from?

I had accumulated through exchange and options about 3 million dollars' worth of stock in McCall's (later Norton Simon, Inc.). When *SR* was sold to Messrs. Veronis and Charney, I disposed of all the NSI stock. The entire proceeds of that sale, after tax, plus all my other savings were put into the magazine. The Chase Manhattan Bank gave us a substantial line of credit. Close personal friends put up another $750,000. Those friends included Ambassador and Mrs. George C. McGhee (Cecilia DeGolyer McGhee is the daughter of the man who stood behind me in the early years of *SR*); Carl Schaeffer; Louis Marx; Philip Klutznick; Raymond and Patsy Nasher; and Leo Nevas. The combined sum enabled us to meet most of the liabilities carried over from the bankruptcy and to proceed with the editorial restoration of the magazine.

By the end of 1976, thanks in considerable part to the affiliation with John Keller, the *Saturday Review* was in the strongest position it had enjoyed since the resumption of publication in September 1973. But Mr. Keller's departure raised the question I had thought had been solved with his coming. What about the long-term future of *Saturday Review*? I was fast approaching my thirty-fifth anniversary as editor. What I wanted most in the world was to feel confident and comfortable about the magazine's long-term development. We were on high ground; I wanted to be sure we would stay that way.

ENTER Carll Tucker, twenty-five, with a family background strong in publishing and with editorial aspirations of his own. An old friend, R. Peter Straus, former Assistant Secretary of State and now prominently connected in broadcasting (he is the president of Straus Broadcasting in New York), telephoned me in mid-January and asked if I would be willing to meet his son-in-law, a few years out of Yale, where he had been summa cum laude. Peter Straus, Carll Tucker, and I had breakfast together. Peter Straus told me Carll Tucker had been doing drama and book criticism for *The Village Voice* and wanted to work for the *Saturday Review*. I found Tucker direct, open, articulate. He gave me some samples of his writing. On the way back to the office, an idea hit me. It was just a hunch. I telephoned Peter Straus and asked whether he and Carll would be interested in joining the ownership of *SR*. The response was cordial. A week later Peter Straus telephoned and serious negotiations began, leading to consummation on March 4.

Peter and Carll understood that the magazine was not for sale. The main value of *SR* is represented by the relationship between the editors and the readers. Such a relationship is nothing that can be bartered like a toy-balloon company. What we

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wanted was not a big bundle of cash but unequivocal assurance of continuity of the character, traditions, and integrity of the *Saturday Review*. We had been badly scarred by the events of 1971, and we were not disposed to submit the magazine to the hazards of quixotic management.

This assurance was forthcoming. Mr. Tucker, as head of the new investing group, was able to satisfy us not just about his financial capability but about his respect for the magazine. Some of the newspapers, in reporting the transaction, speculated that something approaching 6 million dollars changed hands. The report was wide of the mark. These are the terms of the agreement:

Mr. Tucker's group will assume the Chase Bank loan. N.C.'s friends who invested in the magazine will be fully repaid. N.C. will receive about 20 cents on the dollar for his own equity plus a 10 percent share of profits above a certain level for a period of 12 years. The Tucker group assumes the subscription obligation. If there should be any failure to fulfill this obligation, N.C. has the right to assume ownership of the magazine for one dollar. N.C. has also signed a six-year editorial contract with the new ownership. The final contract was signed on March 4, which also happened to be my thirty-fifth anniversary as editor of *SR*.

Apart from the peace of mind that comes from knowing that the magazine will remain on high ground is the unquestioned relief I now have in being able to relinquish all financial responsibility. For many years on the old *SR*, a one-man power-generating station named Jack Cominsky exercised this function. Since his death nine years ago, a considerable part of that function has been shifted to me. I haven't tried to dodge management duties, but they don't come easily. I rejoice in the prospect of my liberation.

What will I do with the time gained by this release? First of all, I hope to do a better job in the editor's chair. I expect to write more for the magazine. I also hope to contribute articles from abroad, as I did years ago. I would like to write more criticism. I began my career as a writer of book reviews and enjoyed it thoroughly. If I am lucky, I may be able to persuade Susan Heath to add my name to her list of reviewers. My hope for the editorial development of the magazine is that we can give increased attention to books and the arts. Carll Tucker is in full accord with these hopes and says he relishes the prospect of helping to bring them to fruition. He has a strong interest in ideas, books, and music. At one time he thought he might be an organist, but decided to make music a tributary rather than the mainstream of his professional life.

Finally, I have accepted the invitation of U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim to be a part-time special adviser on matters affecting the long-term development of the United Nations. As readers of this journal may imagine, I find this assignment enormously exciting and gratifying. —N.C.

My name is Carll Tucker, and the second "l" is not a misprint. I am twenty-five years old and the luckiest person I know.

Four months ago, when my father-in-law, R. Peter Straus, arranged a breakfast meeting between me and a legend named Norman Cousins, I was a free-lance writer looking for a steady job. I never suspected what a steady job N.C. had in mind.

If you met me through the newspaper articles that followed the acquisition, you may think me a hellion who considers the *Saturday Review* "stodgy" and who promises drastic changes in the magazine's content and format. That is who some newspersons, hungry for histrionics, would like a twenty-five-year-old to be. But that is not who I am.

I am a writer, editor, and businessman who has more to learn than he has hours in the day. If N.C. himself had not become editor in his mid-twenties, 35 years ago, I would not have believed I could do it. N.C.'s and my family's belief in me helped me believe in myself.

The *Saturday Review* I want to work for is the *Saturday Review* founded by Henry Canby, Christopher Morley, William Rose Benet, and Amy Loveman, and enlarged and enhanced by Norman Cousins. Six years ago, two young, ambitious magazine men bought *SR* and tried to convert it into four separate magazines. They did not understand the importance of *SR*'s tradition. They took for granted a readership that had been lovingly cultivated. The result was the collapse of the magazine.

N.C. and his board did not sell *Saturday Review* to me and my fellow investors because they had to. *SR* is more economically robust now than at any time since N.C. rescued it. N.C. sold *SR* because he wanted to guarantee its future.

He trusted me. Now it is my job to earn that trust. At first, I will be concentrating primarily on the business side—to learn it and to free N.C. to do more traveling, thinking, and writing. Gradually, with his guidance and counsel, I will increase my involvement on the editorial side, so that the magazine I preside over will be the legitimate successor to the magazine Canby and Cousins built.

I look forward to a long relationship. —C.T.

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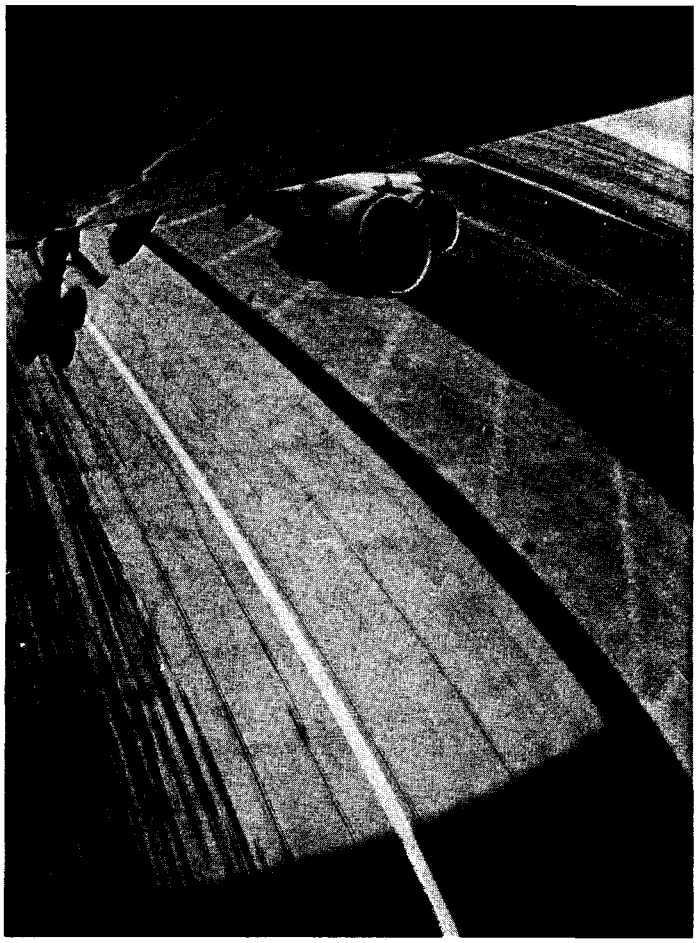

Flight at Fifty

SR/Special Section

A May night in New York in 1927 and the streets are wet with spring rain. Lindbergh, age twenty-five, airmail pilot from the Midwest, has gone off with friends to see *Rio Rita* on Broadway. The weather across the Atlantic is foul, and his unprecedented leap in the single-engine monoplane, *Spirit of St. Louis*, from a field on Long Island to Le Bourget in Paris, is delayed. But then there is a late report. The weather over the ocean is clearing, the low-pressure area troubling Newfoundland is receding. The car, bound for Broadway, is turned around and headed toward the flying field. After an all-but-sleepless night, Lindbergh sends the laden plane down the muddy runway, clears the telephone wires, and heads toward the sea. In the twenty-seventh hour he sees fishing boats off the coast of Europe. He glides within 50 feet of the boat's cabin, closes the throttle, and shouts, "Which way is Ireland?" Six hours later he is at Le Bourget, being smothered by an enormous crowd. He is on his way to becoming the last hero, hailed by Myron Herrick, the American ambassador in Paris, as a counterpart to Lafayette. "Both arrived at a critical moment and both set in motion those imponderable forces which escape the standards of the politician's mind," Herrick wrote later. "What the one accomplished has already changed history . . . what the other has just done the people of America and France will take good care shall not be wasted."

Now it is a new spring, 50 years later. The force Lindbergh set in motion has turned a pasha's fancy into everybody's reality. Magic carpets are parked at the nearest airport. In the section that follows, Ernest Gann, the litterateur of the air lanes, delineates the effect of commercial aviation on commerce, industry, politics, diplomacy, education, the arts, war, and social interplay. "Americans," Gann says, "are air people as surely as the British were once the people of the seas." Caskie Stinnett charts the monumental changes that expanded the traveler's realm from Coney Island to Kuala Lumpur. Writes aviation publisher Wayne Parrish, anybody can buy a ticket to anywhere, including Useless Loop, Australia.

So stunning has been the American involvement with the heavens that the nation has built itself an Air and Space Museum. Its director, Michael Collins, the astronaut who guided *Columbia*, the mother ship, around the moon, escorts Lindbergh on an imagined tour of the stunning halls. Judith Crist reruns those cinema sky spectaculars of the Thirties. Joan Feldman charts the rise of women in the air lanes; Irving Kolodin assays what trippers are given to hear.

Anniversaries are historical citations, and May 1977 will mark 50 years since Lindbergh lifted the *Spirit of St. Louis* from the spring mud of Long Island to begin its 33-hour odyssey to Le Bourget. We have dropped 30 hours off the flight time in the years that have followed, and transatlantic flights have become a trolley ride, but it is to Lindbergh's signal pioneering leap that this issue of *SR* is dedicated.

—HORACE SUTTON

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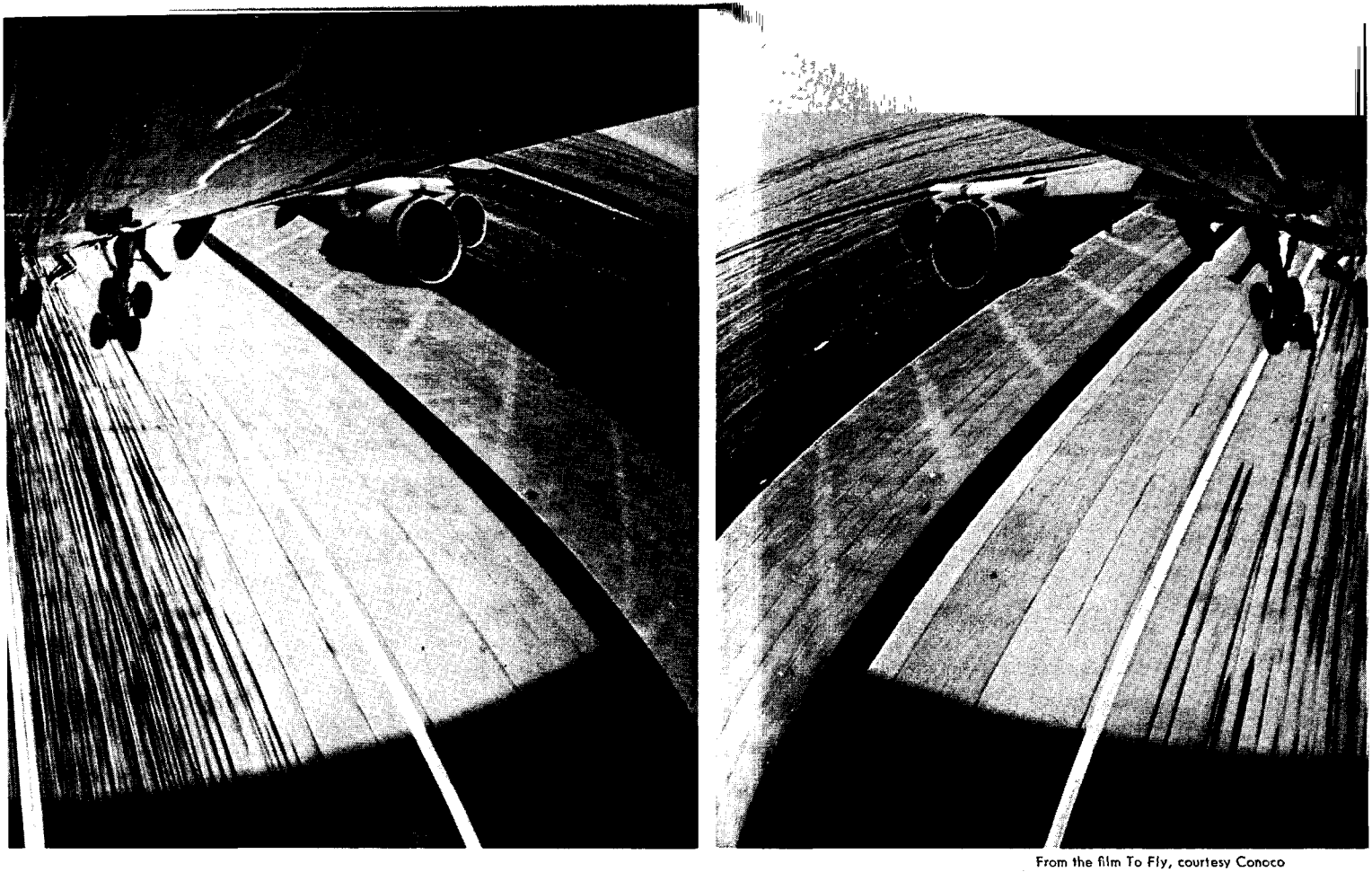

From the film To Fly, courtesy Conoco

Thirty-three Hours That Changed the World

The night Lindbergh landed in Paris aviation passed from the hands of the adventurers—it would be a mode of life

by Ernest K. Gann

THE perpetual changes of time have a way of allowing at least one instant for greatness to smile upon every man. There it is suddenly, within reach of his fingertips; and then usually it is gone just as suddenly. Somehow, actual capture evaporates in a cloud of mitigating circumstances. The man then marches to his end in ordinary style, like the rest of us, and mercifully, we seldom realize our near-miss.

Greatness is chance combined with quality in waiting. Once all the factors of time and circumstance are in the right juxtaposition, the mantle becomes unavoidable and falls like a thunderclap upon the head of the chosen. Although the trappings and panoply of truly great men and women are usually invisible (which rules out most politicians and soldiers), there is no question in anyone's mind when true greatness is present.

Only a few years ago, at a gathering of the renowned Society of Experimental Test Pilots, I stood between two great men. One was Neil Armstrong, who had recently made a giant step forward for mankind by setting foot on the moon. We did not speak once of his historic achievement, perhaps because its significance was still not entirely comprehensible to us—not even to Neil. The total effect was so overwhelming that it was just easier to talk of something else. I did know Neil Armstrong was a very great man. It was there, surrounded by his simplicity, yet flowing from him in megavolts of force.

The man on my opposite hand was taller than either of us and looked much more at ease in his dinner jacket. He also exuded the same marvelous force, and his simplicity was just as dominant, although he was about to be further honored as a fellow of a society that included the elite of airmen.

He was Charles A. Lindbergh, who had long ago been ready for greatness when all the factors conspired to send him into history. We talked and chuckled pleasurably at mention of our mutual friend "Slonnie," who had flown the early airmail mano-mano with Lindbergh, and whose exploits in the barnstorming days were already meaty legends. As with Armstrong's moon landing, we did not speak of Lindbergh's newest honor, nor of his historic flight to Paris in 33 hours. Even easy mention of that long-ago event ran

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Culver

New York greets Lindbergh—"chance combined with quality in waiting."

the risk of pompous phrasing. How else to say, "Mr. Lindbergh, you have probably influenced the lives of more people than any other human being, and the effect of what you have done will remain everlasting."

Lindbergh, I knew, would be embarrassed if I compared his deeds to the discovery of fire, but the more I considered the impact of his presence on earth, the more logical the comparison appeared.

While there is no way to fix the exact number, hundreds of thousands of people decide to depart this planet every day. By space-age standards, they do not leave our lovely earth far behind, and they are not gone very long, but they *are* removed and at least temporarily maintain only the most tenuous contact with the rest of the human race. Those multitudes represent a host of airy spirits flitting through the skies, and while most are bound hither and thither on honest affairs, a few are up to no good. During the millennia antedating the past 50 years, there were very few souls aloft for any purpose.

About the Cover

The startlingly real portrait of Charles Lindbergh as the young aviator is a painting, one of 22 commissioned by Stuart Speiser, a wartime bomber pilot who is now one of the nation's foremost aviation lawyers. A collector of aviation memorabilia, Speiser agreed to have a cote of artists assembled by Louis Meisel, a dealer who specializes in the movement known as Photo Realism and New Realism (and celebrated by the French as l'Hyperréalisme Américain).

In commissioning the collection, Speiser asked only that the artists involve their subjects with some facet of aviation. Richard Estes, who has an affection for delicatessen windows, responded with the Fifth Avenue window of Alitalia. Richard McLean, who is addicted to Appaloosa horses, emerged with a family painting—his wife aboard an Appaloosa, and one small son holding a model glider.

The paintings, all 1973 works, comprise a $1 million collection. Lindbergh's portrait, the work of Washington artist Ted Wilbur, hangs in the Air and Space Museum in the capital. It is used here by permission of Mr. Speiser.

Every era, from the Egyptians to Napoleon to Victoria, has differed considerably from the one preceding, but the changing was slow: the horse, armor, and autocracy continued to prevail in spite of wars, famine, and pestilence. The coming of railroads brought surface changes, and the replacement of sails upon the ocean by steam vessels brought somewhat better communication. Still, their total effect was scattered, transitory, and confined to small areas.

Since ancient times, only sailors, a handful of scholars, ambassadors, and the very, very rich had any true acquaintance with the cultures of neighboring peoples, much less those who lived on the other side of the world.

We need a marker of some sort to establish the time when the four-billion-year-old earth began to shrink, a process that took it from the relative size of a volleyball to a walnut in only a few decades. Lindbergh was far from the first to fly the oceans, but even the successful attempts of others made only small paragraphs in the history books. Although he was a most careful planner, Lindbergh could not possibly have known his timing was exactly right to light the fuse of a phenomenon. From the very date of his arrival in Paris, aviation graduated from being the bailiwick of adventurers and began to be taken very seriously. As a consequence, we can now define two distinct eras—B.L. (before Lindbergh) and A.L. (after Lindbergh).

Visionaries like Glenn L. Martin had long been preaching of the aerial argosies to come; yet it is doubtful that any of us who flew, helmeted and goggled, in our wood, wire, and fabric airplanes troubled our errant selves to contemplate what was happening. We thought of ourselves as very dashing fellows in our silk scarves and leather jackets, but when we came to earth again, we reentered a society barely out of a horse-and-buggy philosophy. A train trip from New York to Boston or Washington was still a major event, and a journey from anywhere on the East Coast as far as the Middle West was an undertaking of such magnitude that some travelers made new wills before departure.

Famous movie stars, imitated by the wealthy, were beginning to make trips from coast to coast more than once in a lifetime; but for the average train passenger, a transcontinental trip was a major expedition requiring the purchase of a new wardrobe, letters of introduction to distant cousins, and a camera for thorough coverage of feather-bonneted Indians (said to be peaceful) in Yellowstone and Glacier parks, all culminating in a post-trip lecture to any available audience. If a coast-to-coast trip was planned for the standard two-week vacation, at least eight days were spent in transit. The moving part of the journey then became extremely important, and great care was taken to match purse and comfort en route. Travelers, engaged in a common undertaking, became friendly almost at once, which was possibly why daughters and wives were admonished to be cautious about "speaking to strangers on the train."

Now all that is gone as surely as the last mournful note of a steam locomotive's whistle echoing across the prairies. Ordinary American citizens commute daily between all our major cities, and college students think nothing of flying entirely across their native land simply to be counted among those present at the carving of a Thanksgiving or Christmas turkey. Older folk who predate A.L. now leave turkey, grandchildren, and all else behind while they take

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off for Tanganyika to watch the hippos at bath. Without the airplane, most professionals and businessmen could not cope with their affairs.

This marvelous means of changing environments almost instantly is gradually working toward making all environments the same world-over, and has already brought about a multitude of changes in every national society. As the telephone has diminished the art of letter-writing almost to the point of extinction, so has aviation depreciated the role of the traveler until, on departure, he is but a minute factor in preflight weight and balance computations of the aircraft, and on arrival he is only a troublesome body to be disposed of as soon as possible. Unless there has been a hijacking or a near disaster, he may be reasonably sure any comment he might make concerning his aerial voyage will inspire only yawns.

When we remove excitement from our lives, we begin to vegetate no matter how many our years; and great nations are neither built nor maintained by vegetables.

In spite of romantic stories concerning the swashbuckling ace and his flying machine during the First World War, their actual effect on the outcome was minimal. That war was won by merciless artillery and the availability of fresh foot soldiers to press upon the exhausted survivors when the bombardments ceased. Graceful as they may appear in history books, the machines were ungainly to fly and offered such poor visibility to the pilot that he was in almost as much danger of midair collision with an antagonist as he was of suffering from his bullets. The gallant efforts of aviators in that war did not much affect the paths of history, but their counterparts of the second great conflict *made* history forevermore. Had we paid better heed to Charles Lindbergh, instead of castigating him when he was the only knowledgeable American with guts enough to warn us Hitler was building a great and very dangerous air force, then we might have done something to curb the villain, and history might read quite differently. Hitler tried and won a bluff when he violated the Locarno Pact and marched his proud troops to the west bank of the Rhine in 1936. No one called him on that very experimental prod, although it was step number one of World War II. Step two was the buildup of the Luftwaffe, which very soon started making history. Further history was then made by the RAF, then yet more by the Imperial Japanese Air Force at Pearl Harbor, followed eventually by the American air forces all over the world. Hiroshima was the ugly exclamation point to an overwhelming statement—the airplane, once such a simple device, was capable of influencing the course of all civilization up to and including its total extinction. From that dreadful day on, every human on earth had reason to be afraid.

The airplane is now, irreversibly, a fundamental part of our daily lives. Its unique abilities affect even our elemental nutrition. We are eating vegetables today that were unavailable B.L. because a crop duster rose long before dawn and, while the air was still undisturbed, pursued his dangerous trade. Since the days of the shoguns, the raising of beef in Japan had been so difficult that only a few could afford meat. A part of the trouble was in breeding cattle, now made ever so much more efficient by the aerial transportation of purebreds from the United States.

Now the better use of the very land beneath our feet is heavily dependent upon what the infrared camera sees from very high altitudes, a vantage unattainable before the modern airplane. The same goes for our oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams. Evidence gathered by a single airplane can determine the location for a dam and therefore an adjacent town or factory complex and, as a consequence, the locale of men's labors, loves, triumphs, and despairs.

The airplane reveals the doings of potential enemies. Knowing that we know, those neighbors move more cautiously in their making of history; and what we know, now being based on fact instead of foot-bound guess, makes us behave with the knowledge of the vulnerable. "Big stick," battleship philosophy, which had its share of history-making, was too often based on ignorance, thereby causing trouble rather than quelling it.

Thanks to the airplane, the universities of the world are now well salted with students from everywhere. This privilege was formerly reserved for the very wealthy because the transport itself—from India to Canada, from Brazil to Germany, from the United States to Belgium or England—represented an extravagant expenditure of youthful time and money. Now only a few hours link the continents, and students pass back and forth as casually as they once went to the seaside. The resulting benefits to international society are incalculable; and the airplane is solely responsible.

A nearly pristine example of a society still entering the era of flight may be observed in South America, where relatively few aircraft are at work. Today in the history of that enigmatic continent there is a time of hesitation, as if each nationality were waiting to see how the neighbors fared

On a Cloud

I want to tell you about flying, though. It seems so long ago—a little over a week. You could not see the mountains. He took up Aunt Annie and Mr. and Mrs. Sills, and then (last) it was my turn. A Curtiss Falcon it is, a biplane with a positive stagger (is that correct?) and a dihedral (?). (I've forgotten what all these things mean. Have *you* got *Everybody's Aviation Guide*?) Anyway, the wings are painted orange and the fuselage blue. Rather a small plane, two cockpits—one behind the other—and dual controls.

Never have I had such a wonderful feeling of escape as we left the ground—that crowd of inquisitive, quick-eyed watchers suddenly below us, dropped below, little black things looking foolishly up. The huge hangars dwindling to matchboxes, the line of poplars a few feathers bending in the wind. And then ahead, out of the mist, the mountains —our equals! Then I don't remember what things looked like for a while because he waved his hands above his head with a grin to me, which meant apparently (!) that the controls were all mine! It was much easier than in New York and I wasn't as frightened and I could make the plane obey me! And I could follow his directions much more easily, though I had formed the bad habit of grasping the "stick" with both hands when one hand is needed for the throttle. It is instinctive to do that, though—like grabbing the pommel of a Western saddle when your horse shies!

—Anne Morrow Lindbergh
Bring Me a Unicorn
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1972

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with such a versatile invention. The long-established railroads transect only a minuscule part of South America, and the few highways, but marginally developed, are hopelessly incapable of serving some of the most hostile terrain in the world. A few countries, notably Venezuela and Brazil, are embracing the air age with as much energy as they can command, but the stunning potential of South America overall still waits upon significant employment of the airplane. When the time comes, as it must very soon, that enormous land area will then undergo the same social, economic, and cultural changes as we have seen in the United States.

The changes fall into innumerable categories, and we already take them for granted. Consider the concert tours by symphony orchestras and famous artists. By air, they manage to give performances in regions where, B.L., it would have been almost impossible. The same applies to lecturers, to the gathering of experts at a symposium, and to ordinary conventions, where people from all over the country gather like starlings—each to absorb a trifle of the local culture, each to deposit a trifle of his or her own. Already the influence of this easy communication is apparent in the sameness of clothing worn by conventioneers. The accents still range from Boston to deep Mississippi, yet with the exception of ten-gallon hats for many Texans, style is the same. Hopefully, this regrettable loss of color from the scene is balanced by a firmer sense of national unity.

The bringing together of different peoples is the first step toward understanding; thus is sympathy bred for a foreigner's woes, and thus are triumphs shared between former strangers. The airplane is the perfect instrument to accomplish the grand dream of international amity, while still, alas, maintaining a terrible potential for devastation. There is, perhaps, more hope for final realization of that dream in the current behavior of international airline crews than in the diplomatic peregrinating of politicians, for fliers have become true citizens of the world. Regardless of the national insignia on their wings, their lives aloft are nearly identical. The pilots are all engaged in the successful operation of extremely complex equipment capable of mass murder if managed by the incompetent. They use identical methods of accomplishing their purpose, the same computations, the same methods of navigation, the same rules and customs. Isolated on their flight decks, they may speak their own languages, but long ago it became obvious that one language had to be chosen to cover their multitude of communication needs. The international language of aviation is English, and a common tongue is the prime precondition for international concord.

As Americans, we are air people as surely as the British were once the people of the seas. The large majority of nonmilitary aircraft operating around the world are of American manufacture. As a consequence, the aircraft industry, which a generation ago was no more than a cottage affair, has become one of the greatest contributors to our balance of payments.. Taxes siphoned from its hundreds of thousands of aviation workers fatten our national treasury. Perhaps the sense of working in something so very significant is the reason so many aviation employees remain in the industry from first job to retirement.

Just one generation ago, we flew out of grass fields with rarely more than a wind sock and a tin hangar to differentiate our aerodromes from the surrounding pastures. Now the financial impact of a single metropolitan airport is typified in Atlanta, where Hartsfield International is the largest single employer in the state, with more than 21,000 workers. Earning an average of $18,000 per year, they are presumed to spend most of it, which nudges $400 million very nicely. The airport is self-sustaining.

Not only is the socioeconomic impact of the airplane vital to our American scheme of life; we simply cannot maintain the same quality and energetic pace without it, and the "made in U.S.A." airplane also serves as our ubiquitous ambassador to the rest of the world. The names Boeing, Douglas, Lockheed, Lear, Cessna, Beechcraft, and Piper are pronounced in sometimes almost unintelligible syllables, from Patagonia to Hindustan, but whoever calls their names knows their origin and values their workmanship.

We are now a world teetering on the brink of momentous decisions. There are only three inexorable routes into the future, and our difficult choice of one must be absolute within the next four or five generations.

We can continue to propagate our kind as we are presently, until there is simply no elbowroom remaining and our species suffocates in its own numbers.

We can indulge in a series of annihilating wars until only a sprinkling of humanity survives; and we may suppose those few will have the strength and will remaining to start the breeding cycle all over again.

Or we can, through international fraternization, at last understand that these are two of the three choices and dedicate ourselves to the avoidance of either one. Which leaves us with the third choice, unlikely as it may now seem; but then so was a voyage around the world in only 80 days unlikely a few generations back. Those of us who flew the old biplanes in their heyday could not conceive of the Concorde, yet some of us have survived to see the whole show. Now, while still prodding ourselves to accept what the airplane has come to as fact, and not some wild hallucination, we are sure supersonic flight is but the beginning.

The third choice, of course, involves the favorite of science-fiction writers—space travel and, eventually, residence. The initial phase is already hardware, for NASA's space shuttle is currently commencing flight tests and in a very few years will be vaulting to outer space and returning to this planet in the same fashion as an airplane. The concept is still primitive and financially preposterous, but then so were the biplanes.

There are no other choices.

On the island of Maui, at a place called Kipahulu, there is a venerable Hawaiian graveyard of extraordinary tranquillity. The blaze of the Hawaiian sun is mellowed by sturdy banyan trees whose leaves dapple the earth with gentle shadows. Usually the trade winds soothe the occasional pilgrims to the place, mostly airmen who stand in reverence near the grave of Charles A. Lindbergh, whose mortal life so influenced their own. They stand in profound silence, reflecting upon these words chiseled across a stone:

"If I take the winds of the morning,
and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea. . . ."

—C.A.L.

And they know he lives. ◉

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How Mombasa Became the New Place

Cape May in summer, steamer trunks on the "Berengaria"—all that changed when travelers took wing and flew off to Hong Kong to buy bargain suits

by Caskie Stinnett

ON THE surface, the Lindbergh feat was a single act of heroism by an individual, and on that basis it was widely admired, thoroughly discussed, violently challenged, and generally regarded as a stunt that had ended well. If anyone thought of it as something of grave and greater consequence, of the beginning of man's freedom to wander the surface of the planet he inhabits and even to depart from it, that voice was not heard in the tumult that arose when the flier crawled from his plane at Le Bourget. The exercise of freedom is persistent in nature; let one man demonstrate that an island can be reached, a mountain can be scaled, a plain can be crossed, and very soon the leader is followed by other individuals, and then by groups, and finally by multitudes. This is the way freedom works, and this is what occurred in the five decades that followed Lindbergh's flight. Quite simply, that one event changed the world: it destroyed old concepts of time and space, it redefined man's boundaries, and it profoundly altered all perceptions of mobility. Excluding for the moment military implications, it was the ultimate prize of the first half of the twentieth century.

In 1927, a family of moderate means residing along the Atlantic seaboard would spend a few weeks at a resort as a relief from the midsummer heat. Philadelphians and the people of Pennsylvania fancied Atlantic City, the government group of Washington preferred Cape May, New Englanders flocked to Cape Cod, and Californians went to Catalina Island. Most people went by train, sending their trunks on ahead, and upon arrival they took rooms in the large beachfront hotels and ate in the enormous hotel dining rooms. There were broad verandas with rocking chairs for reading, there were boardwalks for strolling, and there were beaches for the younger people and the more adventurous adults. The more affluent bought summer houses, shingled structures of startling gingerbread design, which would accommodate the family and the servants for the entire season, with the husbands coming for weekends, provided the train trip was not too long and exhausting. But when September arrived, promptly on Labor Day, the big hotels would close up, the private homes were shuttered, and the vacationers returned to the city. The pattern of the American vacation was rigidly established, and it varied very little. The *very* wealthy would go to Europe every few years, leaving from New York on the *Ile de France* or the *Leviathan* or the *Berengaria* (where they requested, and got, the same staterooms for each crossing), with Southampton and Le Havre the chief destinations. The well-to-do of the West Coast would venture to Honolulu, taking a Matson Line steamer, and once there they would take rooms at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel on Waikiki Beach. A few would risk the inter-island

H.S.

Culver

On the boardwalk at Atlantic City, about 1900, and, at left, a favorite corner of the traveler's Bangkok—"that one event changed the world."

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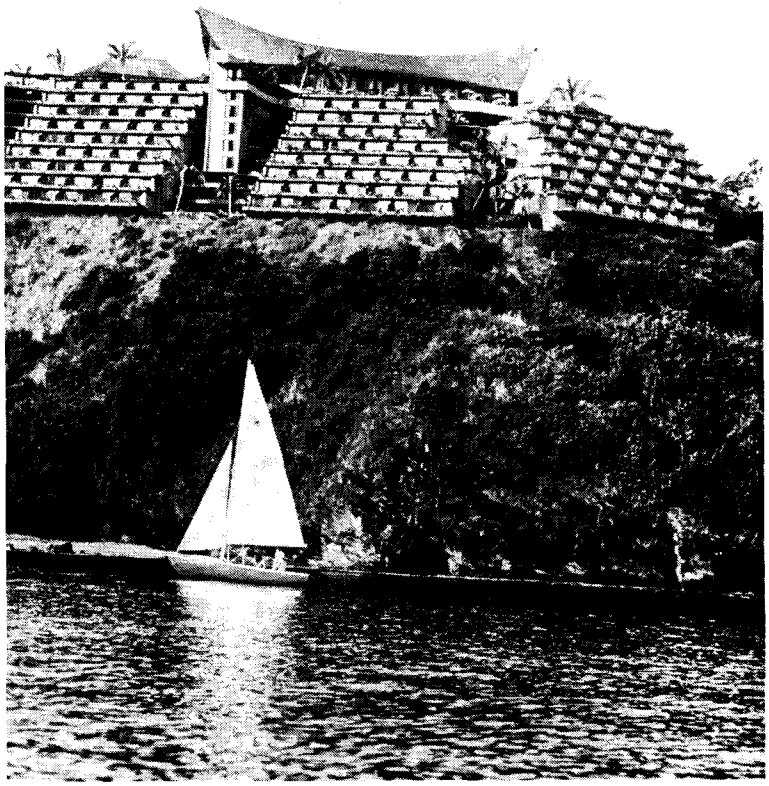
steamer to Hilo, on the Big Island, but mostly they remained on Oahu, drinking pineapple juice, wearing aloha shirts and muumuus, and attending luaus staged on the beach by the hotel.

In Florida, a runaway land boom had occurred, set off by Henry Flagler's development of Miami and Palm Beach, and this drew those Chicagoans who could afford to flee the icy winds sweeping down from Canada in the winter. Miami was reached by the Seaboard Airline Railroad and the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, and the passenger trains on both routes during the winter months were long and well filled. A spur built across the Keys connected Miami with Key West, where a ferry could be taken to Havana, 90 miles across the Florida straits. It occurred to no one that the future would be inhospitable to railroads. Honeymooners



Tahara'a Inter-Continental, Tahiti—"reshuffled."

went to Niagara Falls, no one knew why exactly and no one really cared. The American vacation ritual was placid, not extraordinarily exciting, and totally predictable.

In retrospect, it seems that this pattern was shattered abruptly, but in reality it wasn't. People took to the air like birds, but the fledgling airlines that sprang into existence during the late Twenties and early Thirties were untrained in promotion, were unfortunately inclined to imitate the railroads, and, except for a few farsighted individuals, lacked the vision to see where it all would end. The travel industry, what there was of it, had little ambition and even less imagination; it went right on booking steamship accommodations to the same old places, oblivious of the public's demonstrated eagerness to get into the sky. But, for all that, things were happening. Mail was being received through the air, not much the worse for the trip, landing fields were being carved out on the outskirts of cities, and both businessmen and pleasure travelers were boasting of the unique distinction of having breakfast in Chicago and lunch in New York. Those who flew constituted a new elite; flying was fashionable.

THE close of World War II marked the beginning of the real boom in air travel, no pun intended. This was the era that saw jet planes replace the slower piston aircraft and one that saw airline management grow—painfully—into maturity. Problems were many, solutions were scarce, competition was merciless and intense. But as the airline industry had grown into a giant, so had the travel business. The industry leaders—Neckermann of Germany, American Express, Thomas Cook—suddenly found themselves in the position of dictating policy where once they had been content politely to book the accommodations their clients requested. The 5,200 travel agents certified by the American Society of Travel Agents to perform commissionable services for the public on behalf of the hotels and carriers have helped to shape travel plans in a way no travel agent dreamed of 50 years ago.

The dramatic extent to which the world has been reshuffled since 1927, in a physical as well as a spiritual sense, can be seen in the startling contrast of an average American couple's travel plans for the two periods. The couple who took their two weeks in one of Watch Hill's shingled hotels by the sea 50 years ago now would think very little of flying to the Seychelles, tiny dots of land in the Indian Ocean that probably did not even appear in the world atlases in the late Twenties. This is a stunning change, and the end is not in sight; the operators of the Concorde remind us that no place in the world is more than 12 flying-hours' time from where you are at this moment.

Nor are Americans the only people in motion; on Nyali Beach in Kenya, near the city of Mombasa, one hotel on a given day might be booked solid by a German tour, the adjoining hotel would be overflowing with Scandinavians, another would be filled by Canadians or Swiss or a group from London. In summer, planes carrying Danish girls operate shuttle schedules from Copenhagen to the island of Rhodes in the Aegean Sea. In what seems an endless stream, the girls move patiently through customs, fill the waiting buses that take them to pre-assigned hotels, and within minutes after arrival they are basking on the beaches.

Even the tradition of summer vacations has been shattered; the waiting lines for ski lifts at European winter resorts have grown so long that every winter sees the opening of a new sports complex in Switzerland or France or northern Italy or Austria. Lindblad Tours takes travelers to the Antarctic, and so many tourists have tramped across the Galápagos Islands that Ecuador is considering the application of tourist quotas there to protect the wildlife. Galápagos! Who but Darwin had ever been there before the Twenties?

Where only businessmen, and very few of them, visited Asia 50 years ago, the Far East is now squarely athwart the tourist path. Tokyo, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Manila, and Taipei are as accessible as Montreal and Mexico City were

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Man can.

Optimists are in short supply these days.

They've been silenced by energy crises, a bitter winter, drought, uneasy truces, famine, environmental threats, global inflation, and new despots to replace the old ones.

In such gloomy times, it is cheering to remember that Lindbergh was the very spirit of optimism. The Wright Brothers before him were optimists, too. And spacecraft designers after him.

We think it's inspiring that man landed on the moon and has kept probing farther into space. Because whenever he can see new horizons, he sees new hope for himself.

We're part of that effort. We believe man can go where he wants to go.

50 years after Lindbergh, it's still true. Man can.

HUGHES

HUGHES AIRCRAFT COMPANY

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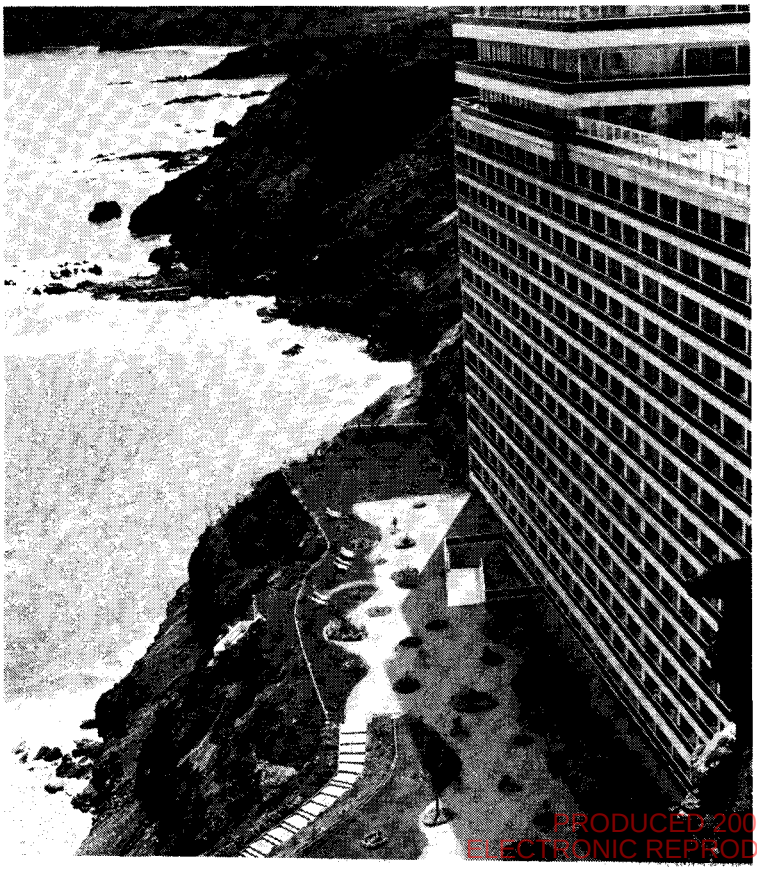
in the days of propeller planes. Kuala Lumpur, which once appeared only in crossword puzzles, possesses the most modern and shining airport in Asia, and there are four large hotels now under construction in Manila. An official of Neckermann acknowledged recently that the agency was transporting hundreds of Europeans to Tokyo at a profit of one dollar for each airline seat. Movement of bodies in whatever numbers at such a minuscule margin of profit would be more bothersome than rewarding except for the sale of side trips to Bangkok, Singapore, Chiang Mai, Malacca, and other exotic cities that until recently had existed only in the dream life of Western people.

As the world has been reshuffled, old habits and patterns have fallen into disuse and been replaced. The process by which a small resort became fashionable could once be charted with deadly accuracy: first, there was the fishing village that was visited mostly by artists, then came the homosexual groups, then the writers, then the movie stars, then the general public. At that point, the first four groups moved on to a new location and the ritual of discovery was repeated. Portofino, St. Tropez, Positano, Porto Ercole, Marbella, Puerto Vallarta—the list is endless—all became fashionable tourist destinations in this manner. (Not all overrun resorts die; some have been known to make a startling recovery. St. Tropez has been born again at least three times, largely because of a durable French institution known as Brigitte Bardot.)

But resorts are being started today in a far different way and with a far greater sense of urgency. The Canary Islands had slumbered peacefully for centuries just off the coast of Africa until suddenly it was discovered as an ideal place to bring package-tour groups; relatively inexpensive, accessible to both Europe and the United States, moderate in climate—it possessed the essential prerequisites for instant tourist development. Hotels, golf courses, and marinas were built, and charter planes filled with tourists began to arrive with metronomic regularity. Four years ago, Cancún, on the Yucatán peninsula, was an exposed and deserted sandspit. Now, developed with considerable foresight by the Mexican government, which hopes to relieve some of the congestion that is threatening Acapulco, it is a thriving beach resort. Hotels, restaurants, shops, even fully grown palm trees stand where only a few years ago there was nothing but beach and marshland. No sooner was it finished with Cancún than the Mexican government turned its attention to Ixtapa, where the same process of forced growth is taking place.

Puerto de la Cruz, Canary Islands—"ideal place."
Josip Ciganovic



This isn't to say that *all* of the instant resorts have been successful; a few, built in moments of hysterical optimism, have languished. Las Hadas, in Manzanillo, and Palmas del Mar, in Puerto Rico, have sought salvation in management changes. La Belle Créole, on the island of St. Maarten, was never finished. Perhaps these are the exceptions that prove the rule. Appreciation of a place, one would think, should be a *sine qua non* for visiting it, but in the turbulent world of tourism this no longer applies. We live a persuasive way of life; one moves with the group.

Not only have boundaries been erased in a physical sense, but man's desires and needs and thinking have been profoundly altered. What couple that drove the family car to the Adirondacks in 1927 for a two-week vacation would foresee that in less than 50 years they would join a flight to a distant land for the purpose of witnessing an eclipse? Or would fly to Dieppe, in France, for a two-week cooking class? Or would go to London for a week—or a weekend—of theater? Or would fly to Sapporo, in Japan, to see the Winter Olympics? The truly remarkable thing about this phenomenon is the casual manner in which we have grown to regard it all.

E. B. White, the essayist and philosopher, observed not long ago that "planes have broken the speed of sound and are reaching for the speed of light to see if they can't smash that, too." Maybe so, but if they do, it will launch nothing new. What will happen will be a continuation of the events set in motion by a solitary man in a frail monoplane 50 years ago. Without meaning to, that man turned what was exotic and remote into something definable and familiar. In a sense he made this planet the property of us all. ◉

As the "Flying Fool" Saw the Future

Alone in my survey plane in 1928, flying over the transcontinental air route between New York and Los Angeles, I had hours for contemplation. Aviation's success was certain, with faster, bigger and more efficient aircraft coming. But what lay behind our conquest of the air? What did the future hold? There seemed to be nothing but space. Man had used hulls to travel over water, wheels to travel over land, wings to travel through the air. Was it now remotely possible that he could use rockets to travel through space?

—Charles A. Lindbergh in the introduction to *Carrying the Fire*, by Michael Collins, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1974

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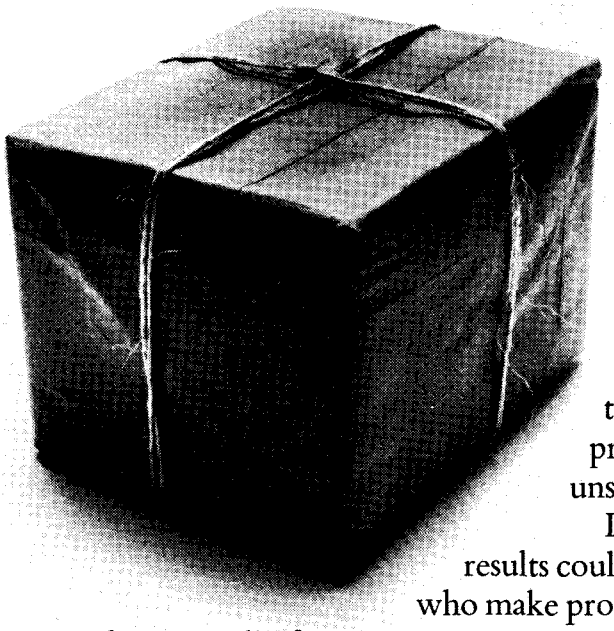
Product liability is like a box that's ticking. We don't know what's inside, a clock or a time bomb.



Not that long ago, product liability was just another form of insurance coverage. Something a manufacturer turned to on those rare occasions when somebody got hurt using his product.

Then, almost imperceptibly at first, some curious things began to happen.

Product liability cases, which in the early 1960's were running at a fairly predictable rate, began to increase at an unstable pace.

If these trends continue unchecked, the results could prove disastrous. Not just for people who make products, but for people who buy them.

That's us. All of us.

Already, the prices of many goods and services have begun to escalate because of the need for additional product liability protection. Some manufacturers are even reluctant to introduce new, improved products. Indeed, there have already been cases where the "new, improved" label was cited as evidence of the older product's deficiency.

Why are we telling you this? Because we all stand a better chance of solving these problems if we understand what it is we're dealing with. We'd like to know what you're thinking and we'd be happy to share our ideas with you. Just drop a letter to our Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square, Hartford, Conn. 06115.

Although product liability is still a potential, rather than an actual, problem, it's something that should concern all of us. Because the symptoms are there. And if the day arrives when we find that product liability is, in fact, a crisis, it may be too late for a solution.

Tick, tick, tick.

THE TRAVELERS

The Travelers Indemnity Company, and Affiliated Companies, Hartford, Conn. 06115.

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A Ticket to Anywhere

by Wayne W. Parrish

TRAVELING to faraway, hard-to-get-to places on the globe used to be reserved for explorers and adventurers. Today just about anybody with a valid passport and visas (when required), and the price of an airline ticket, can fly to just about anywhere by scheduled air service.

There are more than 300 scheduled international airlines listed by the airline guides, a number that does not include hundreds of charter and scheduled domestic operators.

Names of airlines can be exotic and unpronounceable—such as Panga Airways, Namakwaland Lugdiens, Royal Brunei, Merpati Nusantara, Air Tchad, Turk Hava Yollari, Swazi Air, Air Rouergue, Air Burundi, and Royal Nepal. So can places with odd names. Consider scheduled service to Useless Loop, Rottnest, Cockatoo Island, and Kangaroo Island in Australia; Gualeguaychú and Jujuy (Who-whooie) in Argentina; or Iquique (Eekee-Kay), Chile. A word of warning: Some of the world's oddities are worth only a stop, since accommodations may be minimal or virtually nonexistent. Some scheduled services run weekly and sometimes every other week. Occasionally some accommodations are surprisingly good. Investigate first.

Among the most spectacular and unusual services in the world is one provided by Greenlandair, which operates large helicopters, like a bus service, a thousand miles up and down the west coast of Greenland. In the summer thousands of icebergs float by in all sizes and shapes. Neat fishing villages (Danish style), tucked near the glaciers and fjords, will delight the eye. Biggest sight is the huge glacier at Jacobshavn, which drops millions of tons of ice into the sea with explosive force. To get to Greenland, fly to Copenhagen, take SAS to Sondre Stromfjord. Seats and accommodations limited, no large groups, and trust your luck with the weather.

To fly to the northernmost point on the globe by scheduled air service, take the weekly SAS jet from Tromsø, in upper Norway, to Longyearbyen, Spitzbergen, a mining town and capital, almost as close to the North Pole as is the U.S. McMurdo Station in Antarctica to the South Pole. Spitzbergen is much farther north than any point of Alaska or Canada. In the summer the sun not only never sets but it hangs high in the sky. If you don't want to stay up all the sunlit week, return on the same flight.

THE southernmost point on the globe is Puerto Williams, on an island off the tip of Chile, but the Lan Chile flight, while scheduled, is subject to weather. Not far north of there is Ushuaía, Argentina, amidst spectacular scenery, served by Aerolineas Argentinas, but service is also dictated by weather. The farthest-south city of any size is Punta Arenas, on the Strait of Magellan, in southern Chile, with frequent air service.

One point to which frequent flights are made during the Antarctic summer is the South Pole, but you have to be a very special person to fly to the U.S. McMurdo Station and on to the U.S. polar station. However, you can see the South

The founder and former editor and publisher of American Aviation Publications, Wayne Parrish has logged 3 million air miles as a passenger. He is special assistant to the chairman of Pan American World Airways.

The Cosmic View

We to whom humble journeyings were once permitted have now been transformed into physicists, biologists, students of the civilizations that beautify the depths of valleys and now and again, by some miracle, bloom like gardens where the climate allows. We are able to judge man in cosmic terms, scrutinize him through our portholes as through instruments of the laboratory.

—Antoine de Saint-Exupéry
Wind, Sand and Stars
Harcourt, Brace and World, 1939

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There are riches in this world more rewarding than money. Yet relatively few people ever acquire these riches for themselves. Many people have seen great works of art . . . but few have known the luxury of really appreciating fine art. Few have actually understood the vital scientific discoveries of our time, or the most important ideas from all the ages of mankind. And few have even suspected the meanings of mankind's most significant historical experiences . . . or penetrated for even a moment the magnificent enigmas of Nature.

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- Is Jupiter not a planet at all—but a star that failed?
- Why did Columbus decide the earth was pear-shaped, not round?
- Will the lowly fungus prove to be one of our leading sources of energy in the future?
- What are the concepts of how Jesus Christ looked?
- What is being done to save our closest relatives in nature—the apes—from imminent extinction?
- Do the rituals and spells of Indian medicine men work to cure the sick?
- Why is U.S. agriculture not nearly as efficient as most of us always thought?

With us, you will re-examine little-known episodes in American and world history. You will voyage with Drake aboard the *Golden Hinde*, and to the outer planets of the solar system aboard Pioneer 10.

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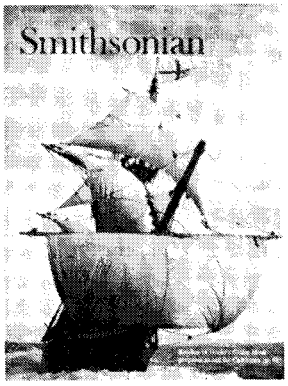

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SR

Pole from above by taking one of the infrequent special round-trip air tours on Qantas from Australia.

For two of the most unusual air services, turn to Scotland. A Loganair 12-seater Trilander flies daily from Glasgow to Barra in the Outer Hebrides, in an hour and a half. A real beach serves as the airstrip—when the tide is out. And you can experience the world's shortest scheduled air service (four times daily) by flying to Kirkwall, Orkney Islands, north of Scotland, and flying in a Loganair Islander between Westray Island and Papa Westray Island in 63 seconds (or 90 seconds when the wind isn't right).

It is now routine to reach that storied city of Timbuktu. Fly by way of Dakar, in Senegal, thence to Bamako, capital of Mali, and via a Russian-built transport to Timbuktu; and if an overnight stop is all you want (and it's generally enough), there is return service the next day. Don't miss the plane; the hotel is minimal for a one-night stay.

And how about Ougadougou, capital of the inland country of Upper Volta, with its teeming and colorful native life, reached from Dakar and other points?

A long trip, but all by jet, departs Moscow, stops at Irkutsk, and proceeds to Ulan Bator, capital of Outer Mongolia. It's Aeroflot all the way.

Danair from Copenhagen or Icelandair from Iceland flies to the lonely, windswept Faroe Islands. An amazing coordinated ferry-taxi service connects the islands; great hospitality and modest but good accommodations and fine food cheer the visitor. (Alcoholic drinking only in private, no public sale or consumption whatever, yet the Faroe Islanders consume more alcohol per capita than almost anyone else in the world. Take your own.)

The French islands of St. Pierre and Michelon survive off the south coast of Newfoundland, reached out of Sydney, Nova Scotia, by Eastern Provincial Airways and Air St. Pierre. (Duty-free liquor draws the crowds from Canada.)

Those unpossessed of the slightest desire to climb Mt. Everest, the world's highest mountain, in Nepal, can charter a Swiss-built Pilatus Porter in Katmandu, fly to an airstrip 12,200 feet high, then take off with oxygen masks and fly right by Mt. Everest and the Tibetan border at 21,000 feet, absorb the finest scenery in the world, and be back in Katmandu for lunch. There are thousands of places to fly to by charter from a key airport reached by scheduled service. The world offers a ticket to anywhere. ◉

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50 years ago
A young American startled the world. Charles Lindbergh was his name.

This young man became one of America's greatest heroes—he flew the Atlantic in a single engine plane—in 33 lonely, weary hours. His feat opened the age of air travel, spawned new industries and developed millions of jobs. And through his work in medicine, conservation and wildlife preservation he helped improve the quality of life and the world we live in.

Virtually everyone owes a debt to this unique human being. To celebrate the 50th Anniversary year of his flight, we are seeking $5,000,000 to establish The Charles A. Lindbergh Memorial Fund, the proceeds of which will be awarded annually as Lindbergh Fellowships and Grants, to deserving young scientists, researchers and explorers hoping to benefit mankind—among them, hopefully, another Lindbergh.

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Headphone Hunting at 30,000 Feet

Whispering sweet nothings in airborne ears may produce sounds more birdie than Verdi

by Irving Kolodin

Susan Perl

WHEN, and with what, did cinema and music join the jet age? It was in 1961, thanks to the enterprise of Inflight Services and TWA, that a cabin became dark for the first time and the flickering figure of Lana Turner appeared on screen in *By Love Possessed*. After the hundreds of films that have since come and gone, a select minority of travelers prefer an adjunct to air travel that is a by-product of the in-flight movie. They don the same headphones, sit back in the same relaxed state, but rather than look, they plug in to the music channels of the tape machines, to listen as they read, loll, or doze their way from here to there.

This may not identify them as music lovers, but it does qualify them as participants in the new logistics of travel, which decree that distance does not count, but time does—in other words, not how far, but how long. For the headphone hunters in pursuit of listenable quarry, both miles and minutes are passé. Their word of measurement is *content*.

For the average traveler, that could be a drink, a meal, a movie. The less average might span his journey with a cover-to-cover perusal of a novel or *SR*. But the most discriminating can combine the visual and the aural, on a scale that reckons New York–San Juan to be a novelette plus two overtures and a tone poem. Stretching it a little makes Mexico City a *Porgy and Bess* from New York, or Los Angeles a John Le Carré and an *Aida* from Boston.

For most people, "Music in the Air"—a durable phrase that came into common use as the title of a song by George F. Root that was sung by millions of Americans in glee clubs and during high school assemblies before being appropriated by Oscar Hammerstein II and Jerome Kern for a memorable musical of the 1930s—now means what is professionally known as Boarding Music. A jaunty pick-me-up when the plane is once more on the ground and the reason for the journey is about to be fulfilled, the right double-duty melody couldn't be more welcome.

My preference among the ones to which I have been exposed of recent years was provided by Ansett, the fine domestic carrier, during a sequence of flights around Australia. The material selected fulfilled all the specifications of mood and tempo and had been artfully arranged for orchestra. The little itch in the otherwise well-caressed ear was a lack of identity, meaning the music was annoyingly nameless, though not wholly unfamiliar. (Not many hours after I typed the above words, a radio broadcast overheard by accident provided a clue: The Ansett tune turned out to be Neil Diamond's top-selling "Song Sung Blue.")

For a carrier looking for special identity on travel below the equator I would readily recommend an item with a built-in locale. That is, the greatly talented Antonio Carlos Jobim's "Sambo do Aviao" (or, as translated into English for Gene Lee's well-rhymed text descriptive of the approach to Rio's Galeão Airport, "Song of the Jet"). Derived from a film of the Sixties titled *Copacabana Palace*, it may already have been appropriated for house purposes by a South American carrier. In such case, apologies, and congratulations for more imagination than Royal Air Maroc can be credited for its use of "On the Road to Morocco."

Unquestionably, the traveler is at company disposal where Boarding Music is concerned. But as a connoisseur of headphone hunting, I am disposed to believe that he is promised a latitude of choice he does not always get. The numerous channels tend to be too aimlessly all-embracing, doubtless on the premise that the traveler is a miscellaneous item, and that the more general the fare, the more general the appreciation of it.

A BASIC consideration may be that few airlines prepare their own subject matter. Inflight, which started the whole thing, services many European and several domestic carriers. It prepares tapes on a six- or four-times-a-year basis (the frequency varies according to airline preference), complete with printed program listings. Several other carriers, including Pan Am and TWA, are serviced by a division of *Billboard*, the show-biz weekly. United prefers John Doremus of Chicago.

Queries pertaining to procedures in choice met with generalized answers. Are travelers surveyed as to preferences? Well, yes, some carriers do. Are records on the tapes bought, or provided gratis by manufacturers? Some are, some are not. The promotion-minded London Records readily provides a liberal cross section of its current FFRR (full frequency range recording) production of opera and orchestral material, to judge from its frequent appearance on various listings. Current best sellers are, for the most part, a self-identifying category. *Billboard*'s service shows, curiously, a pattern of variety in offering fare from half a dozen *different* makers.

Doubtless this suffices for the lollers and the dozers; but for those who like to read and listen, and who might even do nothing but listen if they were enticed to do so, the predetermined, industry-wide pattern of hour-long segments may be too brief—or, in some instances, too long. The

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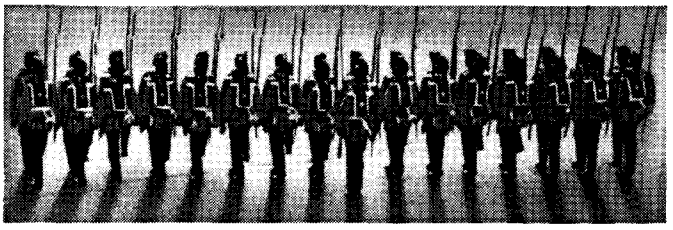

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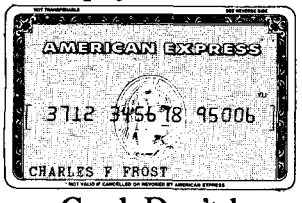

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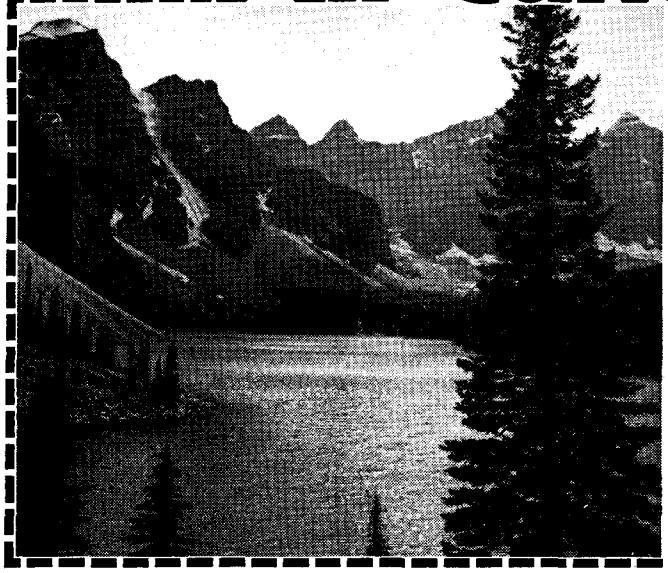

SR 4-16

Air Canada, P.O. Box P,
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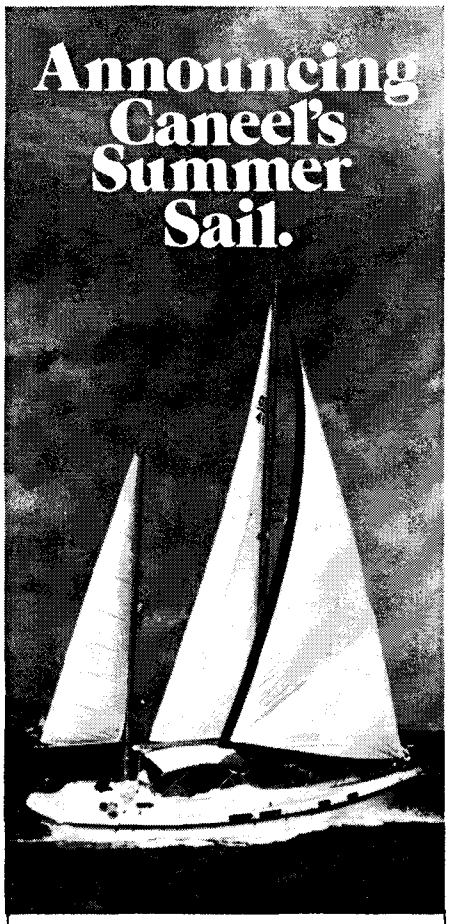

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Operated by Rockresorts, Inc.

headphone hunter is, after all, using one of the most sophisticated of listening devices. The headphones screen out intrusive noises while making a concert hall or an opera house out of the skull cavity between the ears.

A question pertaining to ethnic material brought the beguiling comment that such carriers as El Al, Royal Air Maroc, Swissair, and Varig provide their own selections for the tapes. Alitalia, it turns out, has more channels (twelve) than almost any others, the reason being that for Italian travelers "ethnic" may mean Rossini, Verdi, and Puccini. One recent program included Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera* on one channel (regrettably, only an hour of it); material of Leoncavallo, Puccini, and Verdi (plus Mozart, Mussorgsky, and Ambroise Thomas) on another devoted to opera; two more channels with orchestral fare ranging from Glinka to Gershwin; and a fifth with Italian pop programming to get you across the ocean. While letting down, you can enjoy *L'Angolo dei Bambini* (The Children's Corner) or *Musica Giovane* (The Young Sound). Swissair, along with several others, anticipates consumer consideration by offering *different* tapes for west and east flights.

Inasmuch as travel is a hobby of those in the upper income brackets, and affordability is a factor in the purchase of high-grade equipment, a special channel might be reserved for those whose interests run to matter of greater length and higher sound quality than might be attractive to others. This could well break the hour-per category, as JAL does in listing its own ethnic matter, whose very titles are unscrutable to the mysterious Occidental.

On the whole, airlines extend much greater consideration to the physical wants of the passenger than to his spiritual needs. You may, if you wish, have Smoking or Nonsmoking seating and, if it is your wish and you so inform the carrier before departure, be fed (a) Vegetarian, (b) Dietetic, (c) Kosher. Could you, by similar token, request a spiritual diet of Bach on the organ, Ysaye on the unaccompanied violin, or Ravi Shankar on the sitar? You could, so far as I have ever heard, not. Why not "plug in" seats for cassettes, or decks on which you could use your own?

Present provisions strike me as discriminatory on behalf of food freaks rather than music freaks, a policy unbecoming to those responsible for whatever music there still is in the air. Contrary to the old contention, the way to a passenger's heart is not through the stomach but through the ears. ◉

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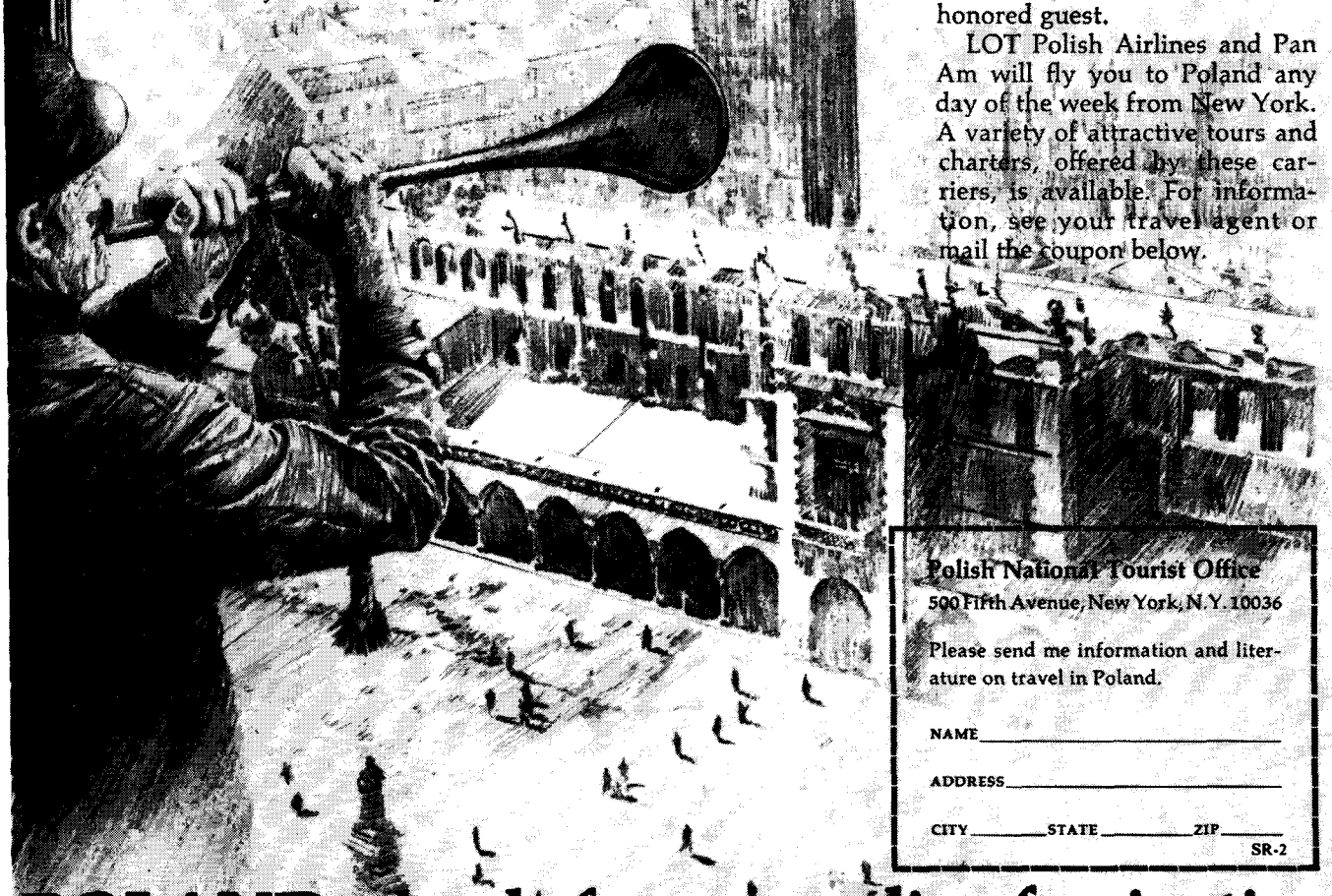

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POLAND, a land of never-ending fascination

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Photographs: Culver

Strafing planes in Wings, *1927 extravaganza starring "Buddy" Rogers, Clara Bow, and Richard Arlen.*

The Chairborne Aviator at the Flicks

by Judith Crist

WE ARE a nation of chairborne aviators, a movie audience that for more than half a century has shared the rites and rituals of pilots and passengers in a vast variety of flying machines, thanks to the twentieth-century coincidence of the development of films and flight.

No need even to set foot in the overgrown bus terminals that airports have become. Alone in the movie-house dark, we have shared the bloodlust of two wars' aerial combat, partaken of pioneer adventure, participated in heroic exploits, and even sensed the lyricism that the poet-fliers have found. The last is rarest—and all the sharing seems, these days, to be part of a romantic past. In recent years, alas, beyond a few nostalgic forays into the past, aviation films have become disaster spectaculars, with huge passenger planes crammed with mad bombers, hijackers, lunatics and eccentrics, stolen treasure, stricken children, singing nuns, pregnant stewardesses, lecherous pilots, lubricious adolescents, and similar concomitants of everyday entertainment. The first film about supersonic passenger flight, the recent made-for-television *SST—Death Flight*, offered us, on the aircraft's maiden flight from New York to London, not only sabotage but also the release on board of deadly plague germs that prohibit a landing in "civilized" territory. Was it for this that Ralph Richardson and Nigel Patrick strove to break the sound barrier?

It was not, fortunately, always thus. In the beginning it was the magnificent man and his flying machine that mattered, and the men who made the fine films about aviation spoke from the heart of their experience. It was, of course, the World War I fliers who turned to the movies in the Twenties, as this most thrilling—and visual—of inventions extended its public appeal. As early as 1921, the airplane as hero emerged, rescuing boy and girl from a burning derrick (*The Witch's Lure*), getting the star player to the football game in the nick of time (*Live Wires*), and rounding up rustlers (*The Vengeance Trail*). But it was later in the decade, with the enthusiasm for World War I movies roused by King Vidor's *The Big Parade* in 1925 and Raoul Walsh's *What Price Glory* in 1926, that the aviation film came into its own, as action moved from the trenches to the skies, where knighthood was in flower.

John Monk Saunders, the writer, William Wellman, the director, and Dick Grace, the stunt man, all World War I fliers, were the moving forces behind *Wings*, the film that in 1927 introduced the public not simply to aerial combat but to the techniques and mystique of flight, of planes rolling and banking and diving and sweeping over the land. The stars were Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Clara Bow, and Richard Arlen. The story—a prototype "buddy" saga, complete with high spirits, romantic competition and confusion, and Death, the Solver of Triangles—is the least of what remains today: the finest World War I aviation-action sequences on film, rivaled, perhaps, but unsurpassed by Howard Hughes's *Hell's Angels*, made three years later. (Harry Perry served as chief photographer on both films.) *Wings*, a year in the making on location in San Antonio, Texas, with Army cooperation, and with an ultimate cost—then staggering—of

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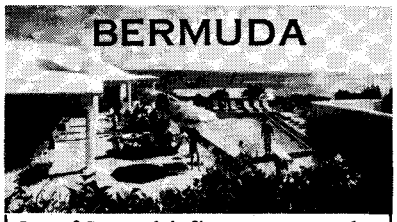

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$2 million, won the first Academy Award, as best picture of the 1927–28 season. Wellman, firmly established by the film's success, made other aviation films—*Legion of the Condemned*, 1928; *Young Eagles*, 1930—and in 1958, his most personal, *Lafayette Escadrille*, involving his own experiences. His dissatisfactions with the film and arguments over it with Jack L. Warner led to his retirement from the industry.

A SECOND landmark aviation film was Howard Hawks's *The Dawn Patrol*, in 1930, with Richard Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. With Wellman's and Hughes's films, it established the stereotypical view of military aviation on which moviegoers thrived, then and thereafter. The clichés were set, from the initial "It's murder to send a kid up in a crate like that!" to the devil-may-care pilots boozing and womanizing and squabbling and becoming super-sacrificial supermen when airborne: the stiff upper lip to cover the quiver of the lower; the gaiety to cover the heartbreak of reported casualties; the commanding officer going bananas inside as he erases each new victim's name from the roster; the final "buddy" sacrifice and/or vengeance for a buddy's death. (Trendy critics bewailing the Redford–Newman and Hoffman–McQueen buddyism of recent years apparently didn't know a Hollywood tradition when they saw one.) The military flier's fate is summed up by Gary Cooper as the seasoned dogfighter admonishing the new recruits—in his only, but impressive, scene in *Wings*—that "when your time comes, you're going to get it," and leaving a half-eaten candy bar behind (to be focused on when news of his demise arrives soon after).

Even for civilians the time comes—whether it's Clark Gable, pioneering night flying in 1933's *Night Flight*; James Cagney, testing a new de-icer device in 1935's *Ceiling Zero*; Spencer Tracy, mechanic to pilot Gable as they try to get a huge bomber up to an altitude of 30,000 feet in 1938's *Test Pilot*; or Henry B. Walthall, the plane designer who suffers a fatal heart attack when he gets the good news that Humphrey Bogart has reached China via 1936's *China Clipper*.

Of them all, Gable probably spanned the spectrum of Hollywood's aviation films in the course of his career, starting out as a Navy flier in 1931's *Hell Divers*, through *Night Flight* and *Test Pilot* to 1948's *Command Decision*, which in effect carried us back to *Dawn Patrol* with its consideration of sending those kids to their death in those crates, which had now become Flying Fortresses, involved in daylight precision bombing.

By 1952, under David Lean's artful and beautiful direction, we were in the jet age, *Breaking Through the Sound Barrier* in spectacular visions and empathetic vibration, yet being told just what we were allowed to know in a still developing and still secret area.

World War II brought its spate of propaganda melodramas exploring the wild blue yonder, downing Nazis and Japs by the dozen amid bursts of flak and leaving us with the conviction that every bomber crew was required to include a hero, a heavy, and a comedian from Brooklyn. But all that sound and fury seemed to be summed up in the unforgettable aftermath provided by William Wyler in 1946 in *The Best Years of Our Lives*, when Dana Andrews, the pilot come home, wanders through the silent graveyard of the bombers he so recently flew. Responsibility seemed to be the order of the postwar aviation film, with *Command Decision*, *Twelve O'Clock High*, and similar films. We also began to get adulatory biographies, mostly boring, of such pioneers and aces as Eddie Rickenbacker, Amelia Earhart, and finally, in 1957, marking the third decade after his flight, the Lindbergh story in *The Spirit of St. Louis*, with James Stewart.

THERE have been tributes to aviation in recent years, with *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines*, a charming period piece, and, most recently, George Roy Hill's *The Great Waldo Pepper*. Hill's film is a story of World War I fliers rebelling against the roles of "chauffeurs and mailmen" that civilian flying was to make them and turning to stunt work—metaphorically, to the ultimate dogfight. In a way, *The Great Waldo Pepper* is a homage to *Wings* and Wellman and Hawks, as well as to those gallants of aerial combat. Thus the cycle is made complete again.

Perhaps the visual poetry has gone from flight in a jet age. We're down to helicopters now for the menace and the minute suspense. Typically, where once Army fighter planes besieged old Kong atop the Empire State, this time it's just a couple of helicopters buzzing him atop the World Trade Center. Come, Josephine. Let's get back to those flying machines. ◉

Judith Crist is film critic of SR.

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Barbara Martin

Lindbergh's Spirit—*"Frozen in flight."*

Showing Lindbergh the Air and Space Museum

by Michael Collins

For the past six years, I've been involved in planning and building the new National Air and Space Museum in Washington, D.C. I never thought I'd end up in a museum (stuffed? in a glass case? maybe next year), but I did, and along the way I've kept my eyes open for other surprises. One of them is the enduring popularity of the *Spirit of St. Louis*, Charles Lindbergh's plane. Of all the airplanes and spacecraft in the museum, it is the one visitors most insistently seek out. It has some pretty heavy competition, too, ranging from the original Wright Kitty Hawk *Flyer*, to a touchable moon rock 4 billion years old, to a gigantic Skylab space module through which visitors may stroll, to several hundred other artifacts of historic importance. But Lindbergh's plane is different somehow, probably because Lindbergh himself is perceived as being different —the last of the heroes. The *Spirit of St. Louis* is suspended from wires, frozen in flight slightly above Apollo 11's command module. One can almost see the young Lindbergh smiling and waving from the *Spirit*'s open door, but the Apollo craft lacks this human dimension. Although it sent Armstrong and Aldrin to walk on the moon, people don't seem to think of them when they see it. About the only thing the two machines have in common is their ability to provoke surprise at their small size. "How *tiny*, to fly the Atlantic in *that*!" "How cramped, to fly to the moon in *that*!"

Paul Garber, who has been on the Smithsonian staff for 54 years, has always been at least one step ahead of any competition. He fired off a telegram to Paris *before* Lindbergh landed at Le Bourget, asking that the *Spirit of St. Louis* be donated to the Smithsonian. It was. Not far from it in the new museum, which is part of the Smithsonian, is a slightly less famous Lindbergh plane, a Lockheed Sirius that Charles flew in 1931 from Maine to Japan, across Canada, Alaska, and Siberia. In the rear cockpit rode his radio operator and wife, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, who wrote *North to the Orient*, describing their experiences along the way. The plane's name is crudely lettered on the fuselage: TINGMISSARTOQ, "one who flies like a big bird," a name given it by an Eskimo boy. *Tingmissartoq* is parked next to one of Jimmy Doolittle's racing planes. I think Lindbergh would approve of the location.

I know I would like to show him these exhibits and walk with him through those parts of the museum that have touched his life. There are many. Barnstorming, flying the mail, scouting for new airline routes, Lindbergh's presence permeates this building. For example, the area devoted to World War II shows some of the planes Lindbergh flew as he worked out fuel-saving procedures that extended the range of Allied fighters. Especially in the Pacific, where islands tend to be separated by hundreds of miles of unfriendly water, a few extra minutes of gas could mean the difference between life and death. No theorist, Lindbergh flew combat missions in the P-38 to check his computations.

The Air and Space Museum is just what its name says it must be, a place that brings together the old and the new, that venerates the past and speculates a bit about the future. I think Lindbergh would have appreciated this balancing act, because he was very much a futurist. In 1973, I was finishing up a book about the space program, and he graciously consented to write the foreword to it. As far as I know, it was the last piece of writing he did, and I am fascinated by how he approached it. He was, after all, doing me a big favor, yet his attitude was as if our positions were reversed. He treated me as one would treat an employer. He made sure he met my publisher's deadline; he was concerned over the length of the piece; he assured me I had no obligation to use it if I didn't like it. The graciousness and humility of the man made a very strong, and I hope lifelong, impression on me.

In the foreword, Lindbergh discussed Robert Goddard at some length. As early as 1929, Lindbergh was intrigued with the rocket pioneer's work and the possibilities it offered for space travel. Goddard, said Lindbergh, was a little bit discouraging about a moon rocket. "It might cost a million

As an astronaut, Michael Collins was pilot of Gemini 10 and later command module pilot for Apollo 11, from which Armstrong and Aldrin descended to the moon. He is now director of the National Air and Space Museum.

Multiple-image, split-screen scene, Blue Angels in flight formation.
From the film *To Fly*, courtesy Conoco ►

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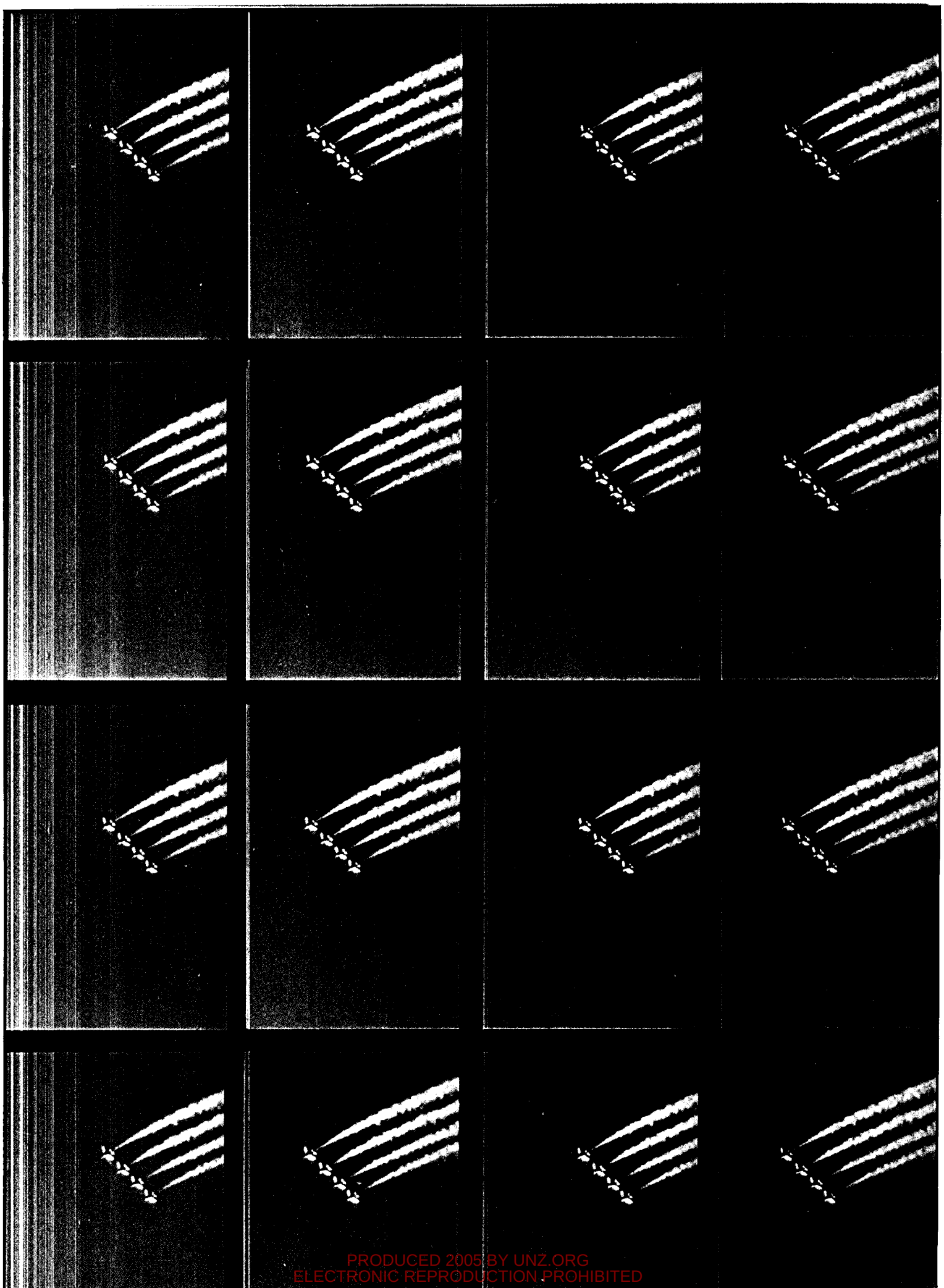

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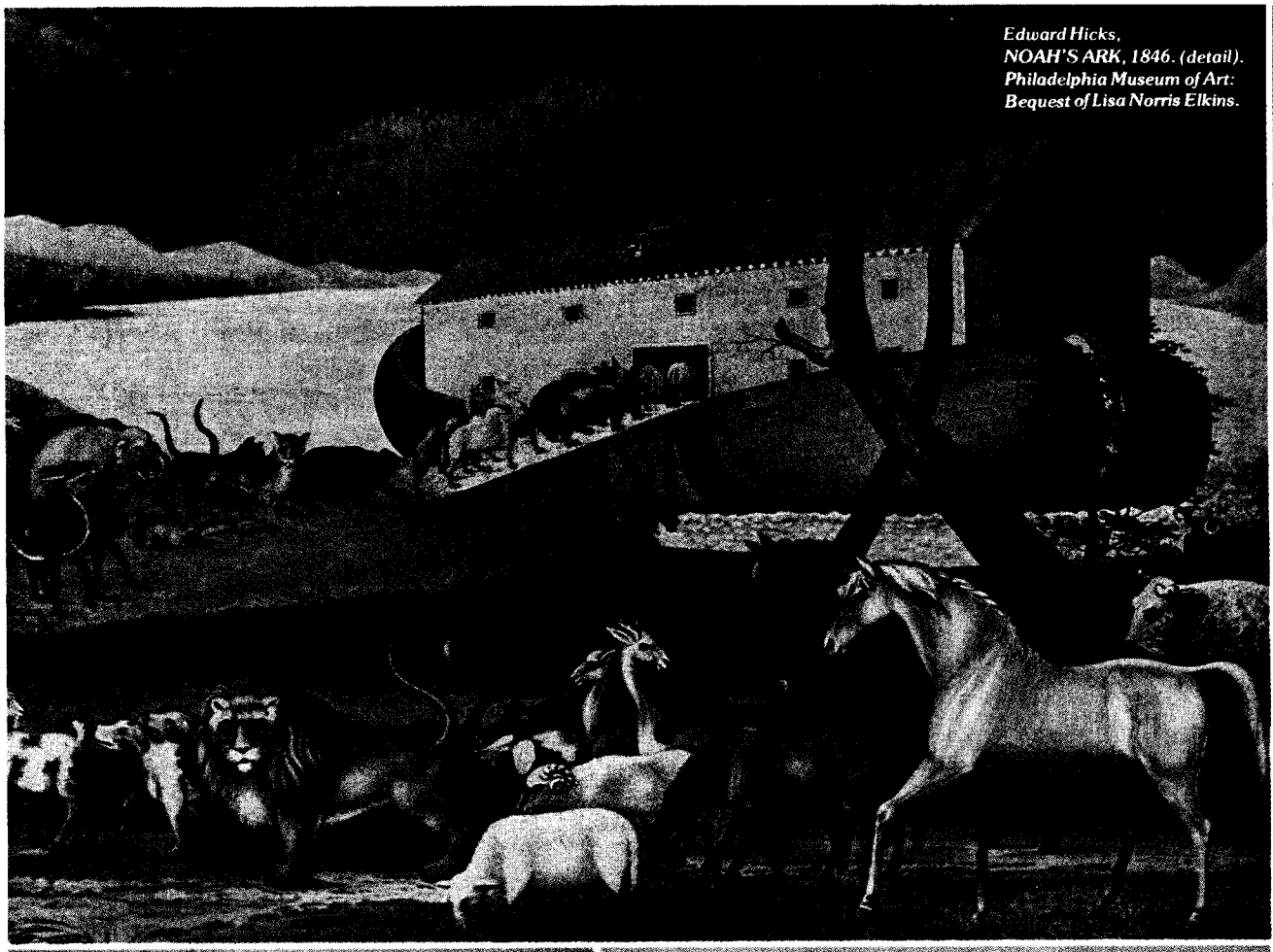
It's so simple



Edward Hicks,
NOAH'S ARK, 1846. (detail).
Philadelphia Museum of Art:
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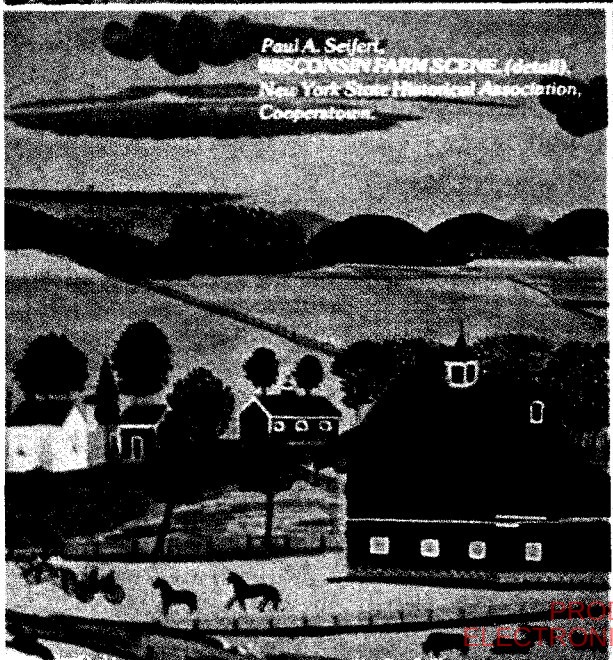

Paul A. Seifert
WISCONSIN FARM SCENE. (detail).
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for some folks.

These are some pictures our folks painted, and left behind to teach us a lesson. They're from an art exhibition titled "The Flowering of American Folk Art 1776-1876."

"This is what we saw," these folk artists say, "and dreamed and believed." And they tell us their stories with a freshness and directness, a clarity and simplicity, that has never been surpassed. For them, it was easy. They never got bogged down in formalized "rules" or fashionable "techniques." They saw clearly, and reported what they saw simply. And the result was a fresh breeze of creativity that charms us still.

Maybe it's just as easy for us. Maybe all we need to do is to try. That's one reason we sponsored this exhibition. In our business, as in yours, we need to be reminded that freshness, directness and simplicity are still the most fertile sources of accomplishment. And that they're still as readily available to us as they were to our folks—in our own individual imagination, individual innovativeness and individual creativity. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of these things is not patronage. It's a business and human necessity.

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"The Flowering of American Folk Art 1776-1876" appeared at the Whitney Museum of American Art, N.Y., N.Y., the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, and the M.H. De Young Memorial Museum in San Francisco, sponsored by Philip Morris Incorporated.

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Summer Landing

Wind in the flying wires, that gentle good sound, the slow *pok-pok* of the old engine loafing its propeller around. Goggles up to better watch the landing. Cornstalks a green-leaf jungle swishing close below, flicker of a fence and then just-cut hay as far as I could see. Stick and rudder out of the slip, a nice little round-out above the land, hay brushing the tires, then the familiar calm crashing rattle of hard ground under-wheel, slowing, slowing and now a quick burst of noise and power to taxi beside the other plane and stop. Throttle back, switch off, the soft *clack-clack* of the propeller spinning down to stop in the total quiet of July.

—Richard Bach in *Illusions*, Delacorte Press/Eleanor Friede, 1977, $5.95

From the film *To Fly*, courtesy Conoco

dollars," Goddard complained. Today, remnants of the $24 billion moon program are scattered throughout the museum, reminders of Goddard's technical genius and Lindbergh's vision of the future.

Lindbergh also wrote of a future far beyond the moon. "Is it remotely possible," he asked, "that we are approaching a stage in evolution when we can discover how to separate ourselves entirely from earthly life, to abandon our physical frameworks in order to extend both inwardly and outwardly through limitless dimensions of awareness? In future universal explorations, may we have no need for vehicles or matter? Is this the adventure opening to man beyond travel through solar system space?" Lindbergh would find in the museum no answers to these heady questions, but I think he would be intrigued by the exhibit entitled "Life in the Universe," which builds upon our knowledge of this solar system to speculate about the possibilities of extraterrestrial life and the forms it might take.

IN SHORT, I think Lindbergh would like this museum. He lived from 1902 to 1974, from before the first Wright flight to after the lunar landings. What incredibly swift progress in one lifetime! Lindbergh was an optimist, and this museum is an optimistic place, perhaps too much so. It shows a few warts along the way, but by and large it says we can do what we set out to do, if our goals are reasonable and are stated clearly enough—fly the Atlantic, land on the moon, win the prize, show the world. I hope the museum's statement is not strident, because Lindbergh would not have liked that, and I hope our optimism is justified in the future. Lindbergh apparently had doubts about that in his later years, as his interests shifted from technology to protecting the planet from out-of-control technology. I think he would agree that the space expeditions have given us a new perspective about our home. From the moon, this planet seems tiny and fragile, a place to be nurtured and protected. The most modern technology is required in this protective process, and the museum discusses case histories of aerospace inventions that have been successfully applied elsewhere. It seems to me that Lindbergh tried to put flight into perspective, and that is exactly what the museum tries to do.

Whatever its message, the National Air and Space Museum is a very popular place. Although no one seems to keep book on such things, I suspect it is the most heavily visited building in the world, with 5 million visitors in its first six months of operation. Although 50 years have passed since Lindbergh's Atlantic flight, time does not seem to have dimmed people's interest in it. Every day I see crowds craning their necks to peer into the tiny cockpit of the *Spirit of St. Louis*. When the plane was on exhibit in the old Smithsonian building, Lindbergh would visit it occasionally, and even sit in the cockpit for a while. Once he told me he thought one wing should be lowered just a bit. I hope he would like it where it is now. ◉

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The Winged Woman

She was Ellen and they flew her. It was 1930 and she had to be a nurse. Now there are men in the cabin and women in the cockpit

Ellen Church, top left, and the first stewardesses.

by Joan Feldman

DESPITE Lindy's daring feat in 1927, the airlines were having a difficult time finding passengers. In 1930, the public had read too many headlines about plane crashes. And even when the customers forgot their fears, there often was a good deal of grumbling by the pilots, who at that time had to tend passengers' in-flight needs.

To solve this imposition on flight personnel, Steve Stimpson, a manager of Boeing Air Transport in San Francisco, had been mulling over the possibility of hiring stewards. So when Ellen Church, registered nurse, student pilot, and airplane freak, stopped by Stimpson's office one day to recommend employing women to perform in-flight services, he was receptive. Besides, her final argument was the telling one: "How is a man going to say he is afraid to fly when a woman is working on the plane?"

Management at first gave Stimpson a flat no. But after an appeal to W. A. "Pat" Patterson, then assistant to Boeing's president and eventually head of United Airlines, Stimpson got a go-ahead for a three-month experiment.

Stimpson made Church his chief stewardess and told her to hire seven other women—all of them nurses. If this trial was going to succeed, he reasoned, it would be because of the stability and the assurance passengers would gain from knowing a nurse was aboard. He had other requirements: the women must have pleasant personalities and be no more than 5 feet 4 inches in height, 115 pounds in weight, twenty-five years of age—and be single.

The experiment began on May 15, 1930. "Varied" and "unpredictable" are two of the milder adjectives that can be used to describe these pioneers' duties. In the cabin, they served cold meals and beverages, passed out candy and cigarettes, held passengers' hands when they were (frequently) airsick, and made sure their charges didn't mistake the exit door for the washroom entry. Then, there were other chores—fueling the airplane, checking the altimeter, loading the baggage, and mopping the cabin floor. And when flights made, as they often did, unscheduled landings at remote airstrips, the stewardesses had to find lodging and food until the journey continued.

Adventurous aspects aside, the experiment was a success. As Stimpson told an interviewer more than 40 years later, "The passengers approved and let the management know it." So did the pilots, who initially had wanted to keep those "flying nursemaids . . . in the hospital where they belong." Most important, "business increased sharply," Stimpson recalled, "due in large measure to a big increase in female passengers."

By 1931, despite the Depression, commercial aviation began to show signs of success. When Eastern Air Transport (Eastern Airlines's predecessor), following Boeing's lead, decided to hire stewardesses, it received 10,000 responses to its ads calling for nurses or women with some higher education to fly as cabin attendants. To its five initial hirees, it said, "Treat the passengers as if the plane was [a] living room."

Marion Cook, an original Eastern stewardess, worked aboard Eastern's 18-passenger Curtiss Condors, which carried six more passengers than flew on Boeing's Model 80-As. "We had a few newspapers, gum, cotton for ears, and ammonia capsules," she reminisced. "During 1931, we had very few passengers, so I had to sit in back and hold down the tail. We also carried a thermos of coffee and a bag of buns, but most people were afraid to eat." By the following year, though, Eastern could offer 14-hour flights from New York to Miami. In 1933, the company was flying enough customers to warrant adding a jump seat for the "hostess."

If the stewardesses were a good sales tool in the air, they were just as much so on the ground. By 1933, Marion Cook was being interviewed on radio broadcasts, and at least one reporter figured that the "sky stewardess . . . seems to be on the way to becoming to American girlhood what policemen, pilots, and cowboys are to American boyhood."

Continued on page 38

Joan Feldman is a transportation journalist whose work appears in Flight International, *a London weekly;* Air Transport World; *and the* Air Line Pilot.

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A second independent survey confirms it: American Airlines is the frequent flier's No. 1 choice for domestic air travel!

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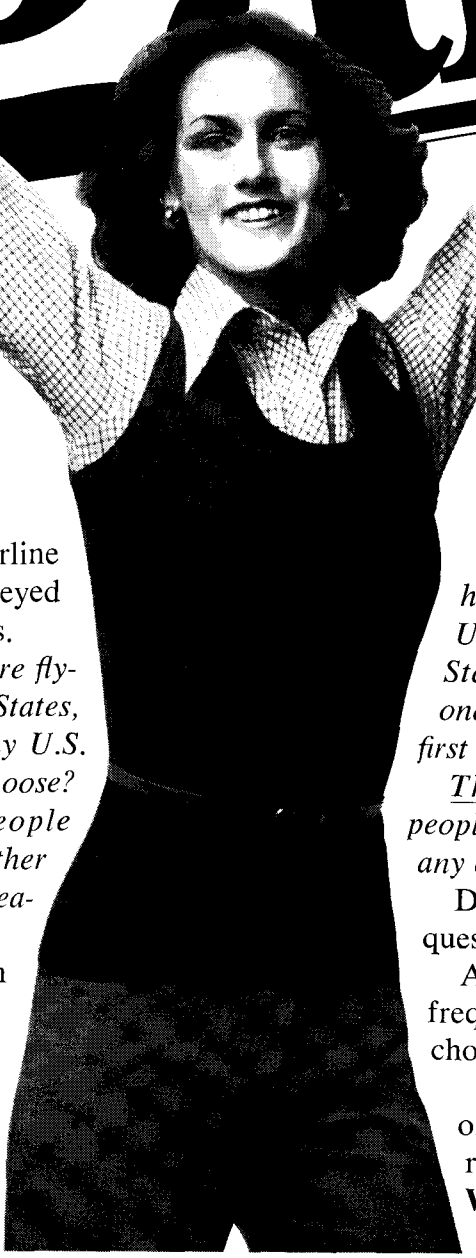

More than a year ago, the Airline Passengers Association surveyed its frequent-flying members.

The question: If you were flying anywhere in the United States, and had your choice of any U.S. airline, which would you choose?

The answer: More people chose American than any other airline, and the overriding reason was service.

But now the results are in from a new survey by the Opinion Research Corporation, Princeton, N.J. They interviewed 513 middle and top management executives from America's largest companies.

The question: If you had your choice of any U.S. airline, to any United States destination, which one airline would be your first choice?

The answer: Again, more people chose American than any other airline.

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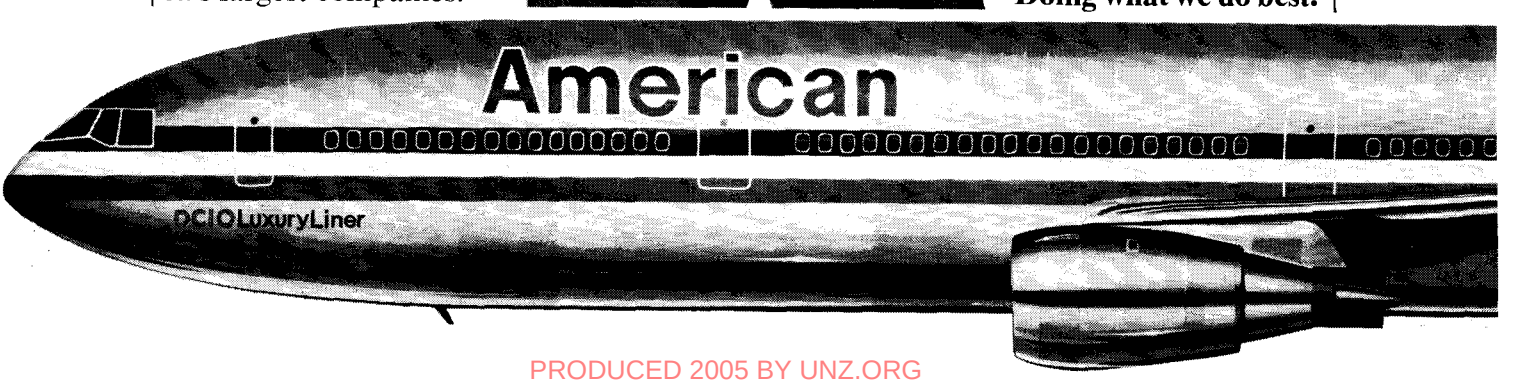

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The Winged Woman *from page 36*

Aviation, meanwhile, was growing safer, with the addition of basic navigational aids, and women were helping to prove the case. In 1933, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, an almost painfully shy but highly articulate woman, served as co-pilot, navigator, and radio operator for her husband on their famous flight across the Atlantic to explore possible new air lanes. Amelia Earhart, who eventually became vice-president of Boston & Maine Airways (a Northeast Airlines predecessor), made her mark as an aviatrix, only to disappear in the Pacific during a prewar round-the-world flight. Jackie Cochran, later a director of Northeast (since merged into Delta), became famous in the 1930s as a racing pilot, winning the Bendix transcontinental in 1938, and a New York–Miami race in 1939. Cochran later ferried military planes from Canada to Great Britain. When, in 1943, the U.S. finally enrolled women as military pilots, she headed the U.S. Army Air Force's woman pilots' group.

By WAR'S end, flying was definitely a glamorous profession, especially for the stewardesses. Movie stars were frequent passengers, and the airlines made sure the public knew that cinema favorites such as Fred Astaire and other famous persons—Eleanor Roosevelt, the Andrews Sisters, Ozzie and Harriet—were buying tickets.

One senior stewardess who started flying in 1945 thought that "next to being a Hollywood star, *nothing* was more glamorous. . . . All you had to do was stand around and look pretty."

Despite the glamour, woman cabin attendants rarely flew longer than two years. "It wasn't a professional career. It was just something to amuse yourself" until marriage intervened. In fact, the job was looked upon as an advantageous one for catching a husband.

In the air, things were changing rapidly. Military planes, converted to civilian-airline use, brought sophisticated techniques. Four-engine planes were introduced. Hot meals "cooked" on board became a possibility. And, although stewardesses were still in charge of such things as adjusting cabin heat (regulators were in the cabin floor in the DC-3s), the primitive nature of in-flight services was giving way to more wide-ranging approaches. The businessman traveler was attracted with promotional techniques—liquor service and "Men Only" flights. One exception was at United, where Pat Patterson "wasn't going to allow *his* stewardesses to become barmaids," a veteran remembered. This is the same Patterson who insisted on a "girl next door" quality for his flight attendants and who also held out against coach service for a while. After all, he ran a first-class airline.

The years just prior to the jet age were the best for stewardesses and passengers alike. The women had a chance to deal with the passengers on a personal level and weren't rushed to complete a dozen tasks before landing. Passengers, still experiencing something new, "were just so grateful to be aboard," said one stewardess of the Fifties, that they demanded little.

When the jets came, in 1958, signaling the true beginning of mass air travel, things changed rapidly. The old nurse image began to erode, disappearing with scarcely a trace in the 1960s, when uniforms became colorful and trendy to match the new paint jobs on the airplanes. Costumes ranged from Emilio Pucci-designed combinations to hot pants and miniskirts. Some advertising themes implied that stewardesses were not only the carriers' most important public contacts but their sexiest ones as well.

The go-go beat of the jets was matched by offers of flying gourmet restaurants, and movies and other in-flight entertainment. Whatever the airlines promised their pampered passengers, the cabin attendants were required to deliver, turning flights into marathons where the work never ceased. Personal service was carried away with the prop wash from the jet engines, and was lost, perhaps forever, with the arrival of the wide-bodied planes in the Seventies.

A good share of the populace now takes jet travel for granted; it is no longer glamorous. The complexity of today's planes and the concurrent emphasis on safety have made the role of the flight attendant (a non-sex-oriented phrase to cover male personnel) as important for safety reasons as for public-contact or traffic-generating ones. It has been said that if it weren't for safety, and the fact that people like to eat on airplanes, airlines wouldn't need stewardesses. Thus, the five- to six-week attendant-training courses, though no longer than they were 30 years ago, place much more emphasis on technical aspects of flying.

Of more importance when analyzing women's role in commercial flying is the raised social consciousness of the past ten years. Not only do equal-opportunity programs require the airlines to hire men for cabin service jobs, but they also prevent the carriers from firing married women or those with children. Age barriers have been relaxed. Last year United Airlines hired a fifty-three-year-old grandmother as a flight attendant.

THE role of women is also changing elsewhere in commercial aviation. With some supportive government prodding (because many airlines are federal contractors), women are trying to invade airline areas generally considered "nontraditional." The greatest scene of accomplishment thus far is probably in the cockpit itself, where there are now 19 women pilots. Frontier Airlines has the only female captain, a woman who commands a 19-passenger turboprop serving the carrier's small-community routes.

Elsewhere, progress is slow but, in fact, on its way. Ann Wood, Staff Vice-President for International Airport Charges for Pan Am, is "frustrated but not discouraged." Still, it is her vital responsibility to evaluate the impact on the company of newly imposed charges for landing fees and rental of ground facilities. Eastern employs the woman with the highest rank, Vice-President, In-Flight Services Edwina Gilbert. Some would dismiss that as being a "traditional" slot.

At American, where women count for 14 percent of the company's total management, women employees include a lab technician who reads a spectrograph to check aircraft-engine oil samples, and a fleet-service clerk whose duties include moving and weighing cargo. After splitting ten years in Anchorage between working on the ramp and serving as freight manager, Bonnie Shaw Thompson of Northwest Airlines is now sales manager, covering a territory that extends from Juneau to Prudhoe Bay, where the Alaska pipeline starts. The figures may show that women are not yet equal to men in airline employment opportunities, but it's a long, long way from Ellen Church holding the hands of airsick passengers to Bonnie Thompson swashbuckling across the tundra. ◉

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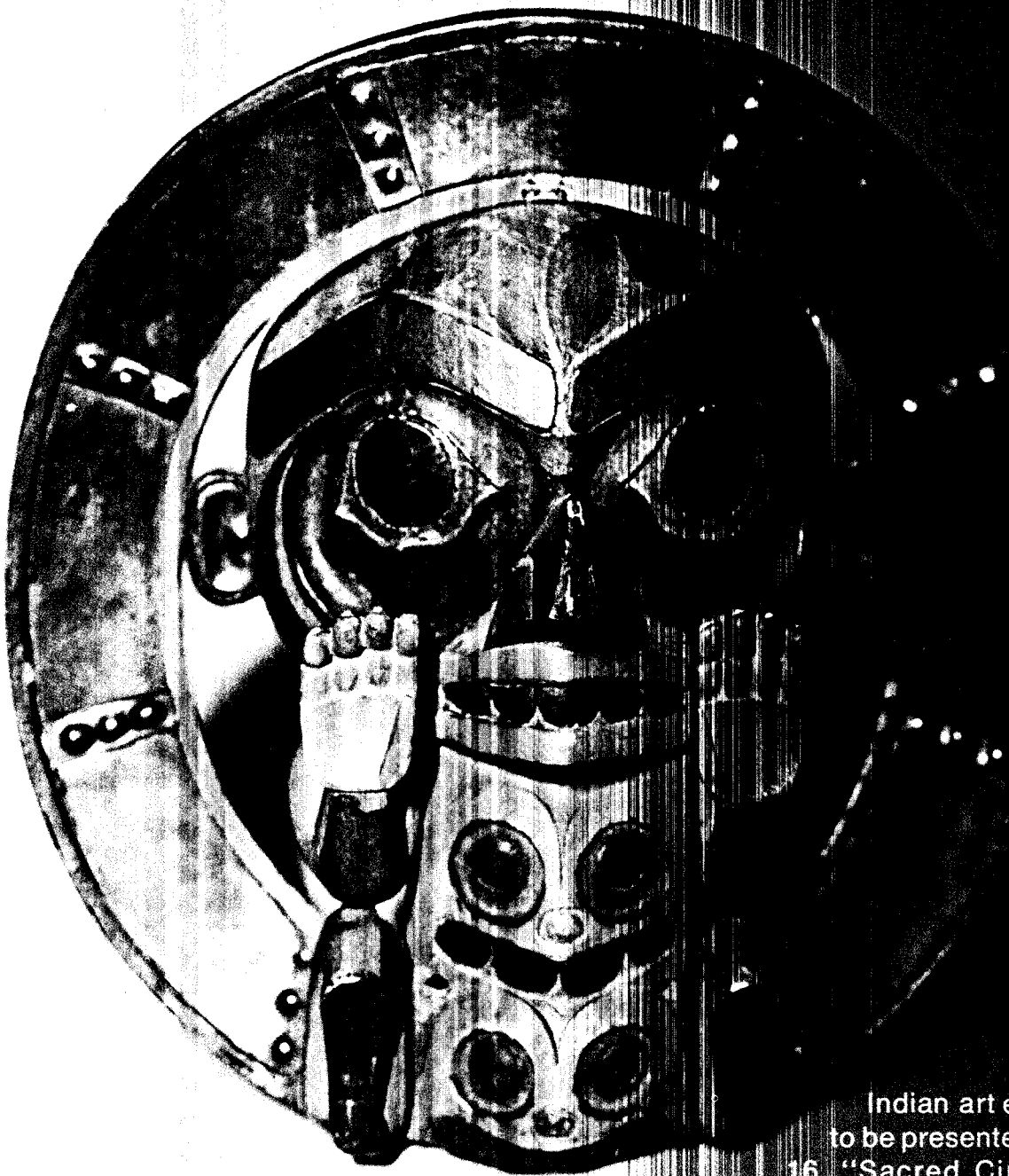
merican home.



Indian art exhibit ever to be presented. On April 16, "Sacred Circles" will [illegible] the Nelson Gallery-Atkins Museum, Kansas City, Missouri, following its [illegible] success in London. This will be its [illegible] appearance in the United States.

[illegible]merican Can Company Foundation [illegible] to be a major sponsor of this [illegible] cultural event.

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A Lion Aloft

Lindbergh Alone
by Brendan Gill
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich,
224 pp., $11.95

Reviewed by Alden Whitman

FIFTY years ago in America there were feats still to be performed by men of valor, unaided by the computers and complex support systems that have since depersonalized human venturesomeness. One of those feats was the crossing of the trackless and hazardous Atlantic Ocean in an airplane. Before 1927, the Atlantic had been crossed once, in 1919, from Ireland to Newfoundland, but no one had flown nonstop from New York to Paris, or from Paris to New York. A prize of $25,000—then a fortune—had been posted for the first successful flight, and aviators, a clubby group, spent many hours talking among themselves about the possibilities of catching the golden ring. Most felt such a flight was little more than an elegant way to commit suicide, considering the range and fragility of their planes.

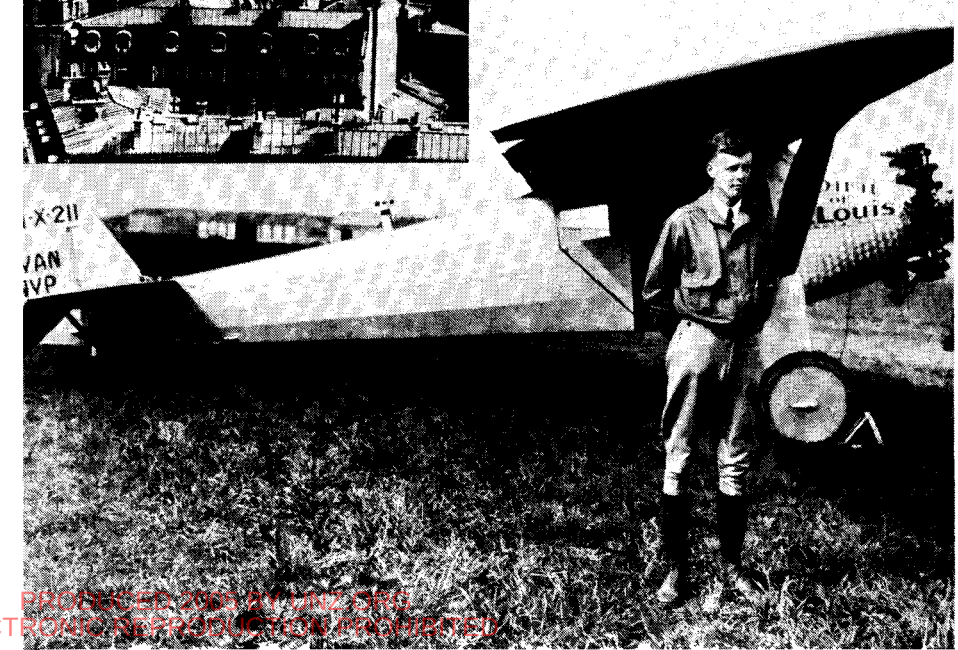
Among the few hundred professional fliers in the United States, there was one man who became convinced that he could make the flight, provided he could find the right aircraft and the right engine. This was Charles Augustus Lindbergh, then flying the mail on the St. Louis–Chicago run. He was arguably the best flier in the country, a top-of-his-class graduate of an Army flying school in 1925, a barnstorming flier since 1922, a man so totally dedicated to flying that a plane seemed but an extension of his body. Lindbergh, a painstakingly methodical person, worked out the Paris flight on paper and then set about getting financial backers and a plane to put his plan into operation.

I once asked Lindbergh why, apart from the lure of the prize money, he had undertaken the flight. "To improve my status as a pilot," he replied. And this, at the time, was indeed the limit of his objective, although he later began to talk in idealistic terms about civil aviation bringing people together.

At the time, he was also utterly certain of success. Part of his certainty stemmed from his comparative youth—in 1927 he was twenty-five—his superb health, and his faith in aeronautical machinery. Everything was planned to the minutest detail, including the slight instability of his airplane, *Spirit of St. Louis.* The defect was worked into the plane's design because Lindbergh realized that on a long flight he would almost certainly drowse, and the instability would keep him alert.

Lindbergh, as I knew him, was without any mystical faith in his destiny. He put his fate in more mundane things—engines that would run up to 3,000 hours before failure, planes that would lift off the ground under maximum loads, and the effects of tail winds on gasoline consumption. His belief in the efficacy of the machine—at any rate, his machine—was such, he once told me, that he was quite prepared to fly from the West Coast to Tokyo if someone had beat him to the New York–Paris punch. "And I would have made it, too," he added.

Well, he made it to Paris and into the history books, into the consciousness of his countrymen, and into the pantheon of world notables. Although civilian aviation would have bloomed in any event, Lindbergh's flight glamorized air travel and sped the introduction of commercial airlines, two of which he would work for at the outset of his post-Paris career. For the



Charles Lindbergh strikes a pose with his Spirit of St. Louis *(below) and flies her not so high above Paris (left).*

Bettmann Archive Culver

Alden Whitman, now a free-lance literary critic, got to know Charles Lindbergh during extensive travels with him on assignment for The New York Times. *Their friendship began in 1968 and extended to Lindbergh's death. Whitman wrote* The Times's *10,000-word obituary article on the flier. He is now at work on a book that will deal with Lindbergh's conservation concerns.*

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man in the street, however, Lindbergh's contributions to aviation were esoteric compared with his reinforcement of esteemed American values and his function as a projection of American fancies. The airmail pilot who flew to Paris for the most understandable of American middle-class reasons—to better himself—became a hero.

ALTHOUGH Lindbergh himself scoffed at the notion that he was a hero ("I was never a dragon-slayer," he once remarked to me), he was popularly conceived as having emerged triumphant from an unequal struggle with natural forces, unaided by anything except perhaps some timely luck and those "voices" he said he had heard as he was fighting off sleep over the mid-Atlantic.

It is this lionization of Lindbergh (a process that, once started, generated its own momentum) that accounts for Brendan Gill's *Lindbergh Alone*, a celebratory essay of some 100,000 words aiming to answer the question "What was Lindbergh really like?" It's a question I've encountered dozens of times, and it always brings me up short, as if there were something more mystifying about Lindbergh than about other mortals, as if there were a deeply hidden secret, the disclosure of which would unlock all human conundrums. Lacking, as we do, the means to plumb human personality (*pace* Dr. Freud), it's a silly question. One's answer must therefore be weighed on a superficiality scale.

On such a scale, Gill's book would weigh very much. It is, sad to relate, slight, and reflects the fact that the author's research was done once over lightly, and that his knowledge of Lindbergh's character derives from what admirers, and only admirers, have told him. The result is a work that celebrates the flight and adulates the man. Ordinarily, Gill can be counted upon for a felicitous prose style, but this is a tired writer's book, especially the second half. It reads as if Gill had strapped himself to his typewriter in order to complete his assignment on time, a chore for which he is reported to have been paid $100,000. On someone's part, it was a $100,000 mismatch, for Gill inhabits a *New Yorker* world of froufrou and sophistication, whereas his subject lived, by choice, in a world of almost total unpretension, one that regarded wild boar roasted over a makeshift jungle fire as the essence of succulence.

To understand the mature Lindbergh, or even the Lindbergh of twenty-five, one must search out unblinkingly the child who grew up in a broken home. Although Lindbergh liked to paper over the angst of his childhood (Gill is likewise at some pains to prettify the record), the facts are that the future flier was buffeted about. His father and mother separated shortly after Charles was born, in 1902. "C.A.," as the father was universally known, went on to become a congressional radical, a foe of the "money trust," and a principled opponent of American entry into World War I, which he viewed as an act of Wall Street imperialism. As best he could, C.A. tried to maintain a surface amicability with his wife, for he was truly devoted to his son. Strangely, however, when he referred to Charles in the family, it was never by his first name, but always as "the boy." C.A.'s letters to his daughter, Eva (a child of his first marriage), whom Gill neglected to interview, attest to the elder Lindbergh's efforts to placate his wife lest any harm come to "the boy." And the mother? A woman of short temper and stern ways.

Little wonder that Lindbergh, when he was nine or ten and saw his first airplane in the skies over Little Falls, Minnesota, wanted immediately "to soar up there, free in the clouds." It was an incident—unreported by Gill—that was so firmly embedded in Lindbergh's recollections of his childhood that the mere sight of his boyhood home evoked it in great detail. Two emotional consequences of his childhood were evident in the older man: difficulty in forming affective relationships with the opposite sex, and an inability to remain in one place for any length of time. He was a perpetual gypsy.

This is not to say that Lindbergh was not dutiful. His mother reared him to a stern and unbending sense of duty. He was a dutiful son, as the letters from which Gill quotes attest; he was a dutiful husband, as his wife's letters and diaries make clear; and he was a dutiful father, as his children are quite aware.

But Gill's courtier's book makes Lindbergh seem almost too good to be human. It makes much of his modesty and rather little of his enormous vanity. Who but a vain person would assemble an archive at Yale in which he deposited all the letters addressed to him over the years (most of them unopened), copies of his correspondence, the minutiae of his life, and his wife's letters and diaries? And who, having assembled all this, would insist that his life was too complex to be compressed into a biography? (One of the strangest deposits in the archive is a 78-page, single-spaced,

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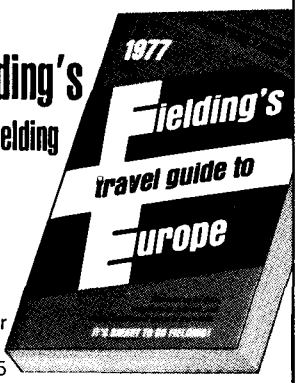

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line-by-line critique of Walter S. Ross's first edition of *The Last Hero*. Reading the book, which was fair and friendly, and composing the exegesis, which was snappish, must have taken at least a week.)

Lindbergh Alone accents the man's courage, one of his most appealing traits, but says almost nothing about his fears, expressed most vividly in the construction, in 1963, of an underground fallout shelter near his Connecticut home, provisioned with canned goods and a small arsenal. Shortly after Lindbergh's death three years ago, two of his sons gathered up the arms cache and shipped it to an addressee in Montana. There was no return address on the crates.

If I have emphasized Lindbergh's less than sterling qualities, it is only to show that he was very human. He had many marvelous attributes: he could be a good friend, a delightful and resourceful traveling companion; he was a genius as a flier and aeronautical engineer; he loved the outdoors; he was fascinated by the unusual; and he did try to think big thoughts. Some of these will be published one day in his *Autobiography of Values*, from which Gill quotes snippets.

Like all of us, Lindbergh was an intricate stitchery of emotions and responses, admirable qualities and flaws, openness and secrecy, sophistication and naïveté, the bright and the dark sides of the moon. Least of all was he the super Boy Scout who emerges from Gill's pages. The photographs with which the book is festooned are splendidly evocative of the era of the flight and of the flight itself. They alone are worth the price of admission, for they do indeed celebrate Lindbergh's feat. ◉

Wit Twister No. 94
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 63.

The moon's keen scimitar, that slashed its trace—
A livid ___ ___ ___ ___ across Night's darkened face—
Now lights the heath's deep ___ ___ ___ ___ of grass, where tread
Three withered ___ ___ ___ ___ who dance till Night is dead.

A. S.

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Ideas Chasing Dollars

The Age of Uncertainty
by John Kenneth Galbraith
Houghton Mifflin, 365 pp.,
$15.95 to June 1; $17.95 thereafter

Reviewed by Leonard Silk

THE age in which movies influenced novelists (e.g., Marcel Proust, James Joyce, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Nathanael West, Alain Robbe-Grillet) may be giving way to the age in which television series influence philosophers. The best examples of the genre thus far are Kenneth Clark's *Civilisation* and the late Jacob Bronowski's *The Ascent of Man*, both of which were initially BBC television series and later were published as books. Now we have John Kenneth Galbraith's *The Age of Uncertainty*, also conceived for the BBC and, amended and extended, put into print.

As useful as the time constraints and wide audiences of television may be in forcing philosophers to be succinct, imaginal, and entertaining, the medium is unlikely to replace bosky dells or brown studies as the best environment for deep and sequential thought: TV, in its heart of hearts, is show biz.

And so, having squared myself with Plato and Teilhard de Chardin, I am free to say that this work of Professor Galbraith's is a glorious lark—a funny, hard-hitting caper by one of the great stylists, and one of the great social consciences, of our time.

For this project, which took three years to do and gave him a blessed excuse for saying farewell to the classrooms of Harvard, Galbraith has honed his famous style to a sharper edge than ever: "As Jesus came eventually to Jerusalem, Herbert Spencer came eventually to America"; or, "Money is a singular thing. It ranks with love as man's greatest source of joy. And it ranks with death as his greatest source of anxiety." The trick is to lay them in there: fast ball, fast ball, slow ball, curve, fast ball. Galbraith throws with authority and rhythm, and he rarely gives up a hit. The fast ball has a hop; it dances. The curve breaks just when you think it won't. Even the Galbraithian picture captions sing by. Here is "Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, under full canvas"—that is, Mrs. Fish sailing across the avenue, behatted, befurred, beswathed in finery from neck to ankle, her nose arrogantly parting the waves: a Veblenian queen.

Nor are the words or images merely droll. There is anger couched in irony. Here are vultures eating the slain in India in 1946, and here are fleeing Vietnamese trying to get over the U.S. embassy walls—and out—in 1975, with an American gunner and barbed wire in place to stop them. The shared caption reads: "The always messy end."

The book is wonderfully illustrated. There are fresh faces to go with the familiar names, from Karl Marx to Martin Luther King, Jr., and fresh scenes to show ideas and institutions in action.

That was one of the main aims of the television series: to show how ideas shape history—shape the people and institutions that make history. This conception gave the project its overall design of first treating the history of economic ideas, then economic history. The thought is of course familiar, but it seems brand-new in this vivid presentation.

But what is Galbraith's great substantive theme? His title, *The Age of Uncertainty*, as he amiably confesses, was settled upon early in his discussions with the BBC producers. It was chosen because it

Leonard Silk is an economic columnist of The New York Times. *His most recent book is* The Economists.

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"did not confine thought" and at least hinted at a major idea: In the nineteenth century there were great bodies of dogmatic certainty in economic thought, but these have now given way to a great sense of uncertainty.

"In the last century," says Galbraith, "capitalists were certain of the success of capitalism, socialists of socialism, imperialists of colonialism, and the ruling classes knew they were meant to rule. Little of this certainty now survives." It would be odd if it did, he adds, given the "dismaying complexity of the problems mankind now faces."

Yet complexity, uncertainty, and, to use W. H. Auden's term for the spirit of the age, anxiety are negative themes. They are noise, disorder, confusion unresolved. They may indeed represent the spirit of the times, but one expects the great writer, the great philosopher, to go beyond them and somehow resolve the tension. Such a resolution may be—as I suggested in the first place—much too much to ask of any television series; or of the book that follows it. If Galbraith fails to resolve the tensions, he does manage to pose the issues brilliantly.

We now know that reliance on the free-wheeling marketplace as the answer to all man's difficulties is an ideological crusade, not a solution to the most challenging problems of an industrial civilization. However much Herbert Spencer or William Graham Sumner or Milton Friedman or Ludwig von Mises or Friedrich von Hayek may sing the praises of the market as the crystallization of human freedom and the wiser-than-wise collective mind of society, however much they may deify it as the multicelled computer that can solve all problems optimally, we still know that Newark stinks, that the oceans are endangered, that nuclear warfare threatens, that government is necessary—and in far more ways than the libertarians would sanction.

At the other extreme of the ideological spectrum, we know that all the practitioners of totalitarianism, from Stalin to Hitler to Idi Amin, are killers of civilization and life itself. At that statist extreme, government does become the monstrosity of which the libertarians warn.

But where and how do we build the good society between the extremes? The question cannot have a single or a simple answer. Indeed, given the multiplicity of individual aims and cultural diversity, a single answer could only be forced down the throats of different societies. Diversity is crucial. Yet how can we find unity in that diversity, discover the peace that surpasseth our present understanding? Is the answer religious? Have all the religions, and the hope of a unified moral answer, also dissolved in this age of uncertainty? These are the questions to which Galbraith leads us, and leaves us.

But in flashes, in the midst of this episodic and witty book, he does provide some illumination. He writes of Martin Luther King, Jr., as one who knew, "as did Gandhi, that a civilized leader must eschew violence, for violence evokes other anxieties and repels those supporters who are most needed." And King also knew, says Galbraith, "that he must face another issue. Men, black and white, were dying to no purpose in Vietnam. I was identified with that issue, and thus our meeting. He said that a leader must move on to the next great issue when it comes." That is the sharpest lesson of this book: *A leader must confront the true issues as they come; otherwise he cannot lead.*

The great issue that we and our leaders must confront today is the threat of nuclear war. Eliminating that threat, Galbraith stresses, has become the highest purpose of politics in both the Communist world and our own—a purpose that "far transcends the differences in economic or political systems." Should nuclear war come, as Khrushchev warned the world, the ashes of Communism and the ashes of capitalism will be indistinguishable. "In an age when so much is uncertain," Galbraith concludes, "there is one certainty: This truth we must confront." ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 81

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 60.

MWJDWUX DIVZL F

TWD WE OFDVPZDX

FUP JQUPM NIW IFHP

XVBOTK YQVD VZ

MVXRQXD.

—MWZ IPUWTM

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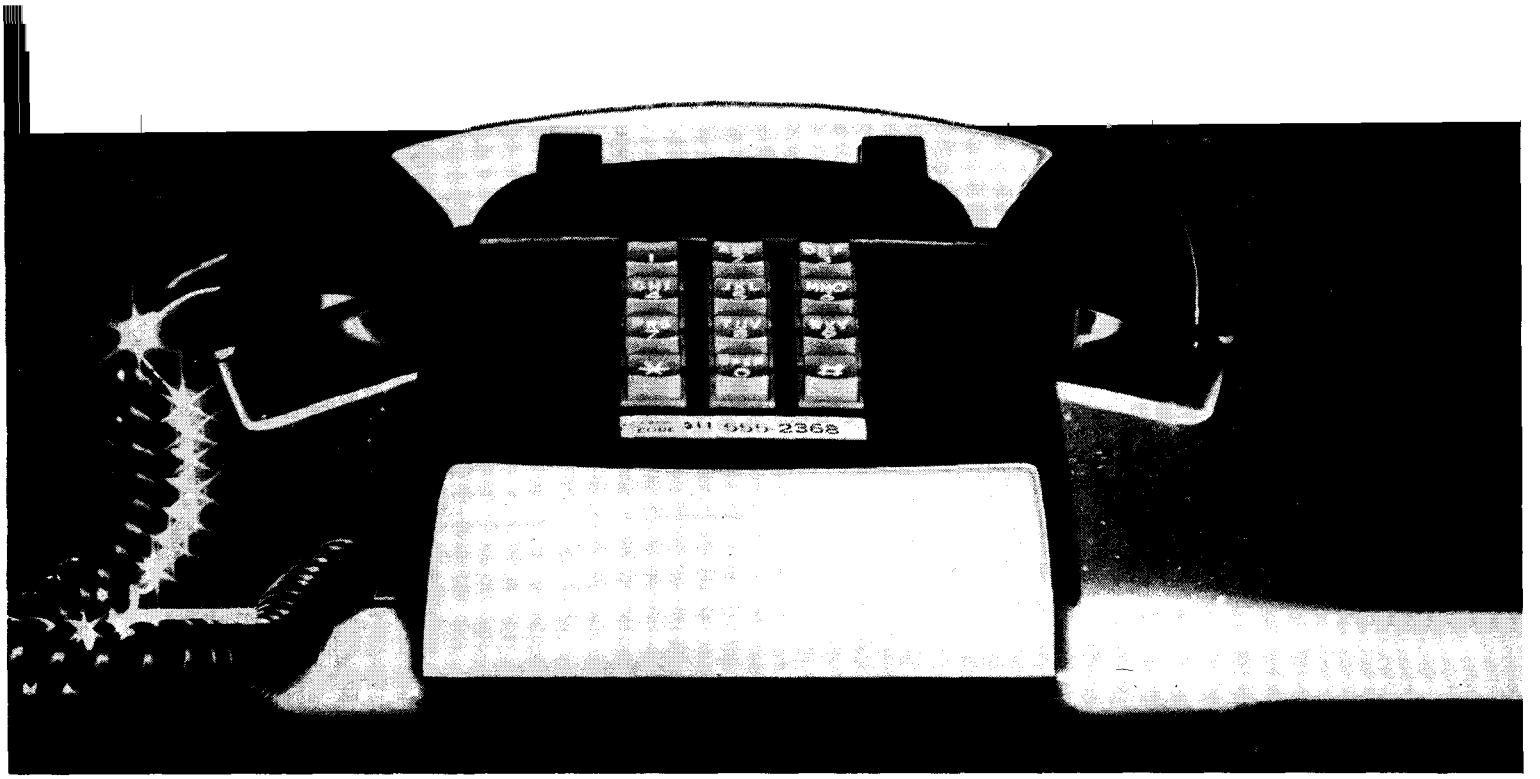

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Long Before Shakespeare

The Life and Times of Chaucer
by John Gardner
Knopf, 352 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Anthony Quinton

CRITICALLY unsophisticated lovers of poetry tend to believe, perhaps because they are still casting one eye over their shoulders at the sports pages, that there are, at least ideally, league tables for poets. Shakespeare hangs on to the top place immovably, but after him, in what used to be taken as the official ruling—namely, Milton, Wordsworth, Chaucer, Keats—there has always been room for dissenting judgment. (As far as I can remember, the subject is openly discussed in print by Stephen Potter, the inventor of gamesmanship, in an excellent early book on the teaching of English literature, *The Muse in Chains.*)

In such rebellious conversations about the critical status quo there was always somebody who would call for the promotion of Chaucer to the number two position. It would be argued that he was superior to both Milton and Wordsworth in what one was not too embarrassed to call "broad humanity," that he had produced a more copious body of important work than Milton, and that he had never been responsible for anything like Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Sonnets.* If he had two voices, those of the formal versifier and of the genial conversationalist, neither was that of "an old half-witted sheep."

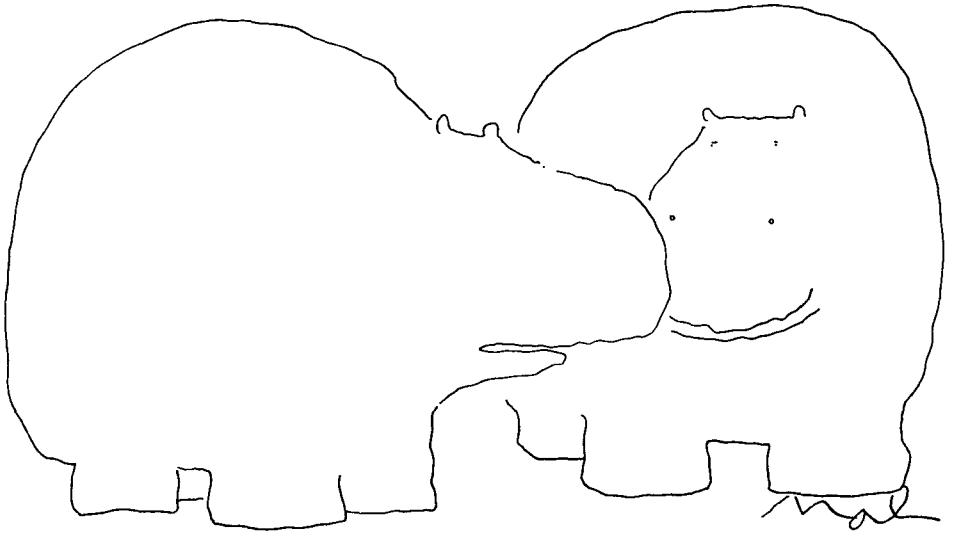
Chaucer remains, nevertheless, somewhat elusive. This is due largely, of course, to the fact that although the Middle English he wrote is not obscure enough to require translation, it is sufficiently remote from the language of John Skelton a hundred years later, or John Berryman and John Ashbery in recent times, to stand at a slightly uncomfortable distance from the present-day reader. For all but the most professional, a deep breath is needed before tackling a page of Chaucer.

He is also a little obscure as a personality. The impression that most of his work gives is clear enough: it is that of a good-natured, easygoing man who survived in a difficult and dangerous time without lapsing into doctrinaire rigidity. This image is reinforced by the usual picture, which represents him as a short, dumpy character in a kind of nightcap, perhaps seated none too securely on a sullen-looking horse. The trouble with this genial-old-codger conception of Chaucer is that we know him to have been an active and responsible public servant and, at the same time, to have produced a massive poetic corpus that would have done credit, in terms of its bulk alone, to someone who was in a position to devote himself wholly to poetry.

Since six document-eliminating centuries separate us from Chaucer, it is the fact of his public importance that supplies us with such evidence as we have about his life and personality, apart from what we can discern in his poetry. John Gardner has tried to weave these two sources of information together into what inevitably has to be a "life and times," rather than a "life" pure and simple. He writes: "I have gathered the available scholarly materials in a heap, to make a stab at sorting them and finding out how much it is possible to say, or rather make up, about the character of Chaucer." As it turns out, the procedure is rather more scrupulous than this bold statement of aim suggests. While firmly asserting that on such and such a date Chaucer was sued for a debt of X shillings and Y pence (current dollar equivalent supplied) by some creditor, Gardner's more speculative proposals are everywhere guarded by such phrases as "it is possible that Chaucer was . . ." "we may think of Chaucer at this time as . . ." "perhaps Chaucer now . . ." and even "Chaucer, let us hope. . . ."

The greater part of the book is taken up with the general historical background of Chaucer's life: a panorama of high politics in fourteenth-century England, from the death of Edward II by obscure, and possibly obscene (see Marlowe's play), violence in one castle, in 1327, to that of Richard II (starved to death?) in another, in 1399, shortly before Chaucer's own death.

Chaucer's father served under the young Edward III in an unsuccessful campaign in Scotland the year that Edward came to the throne, installed there by his mother and her lover, who had had Edward's father killed. John Chaucer became a London wine merchant in a substantial way, and his son Geoffrey spent most of his life in and around that city, except when engaged abroad on foreign missions for the government. The new king's third son, John of Gaunt, was born at about the same time as Chaucer, died a year before



"Alvin, you're a hippopotamus's hippopotamus!"

Anthony Quinton is a fellow of New College, Oxford, and this year is a visiting professor in philosophy at the New School. His principal work is The Nature of Things.

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him, and was his most important patron. And, in course of time, they became brothers-in-law, when John of Gaunt was finally able to marry his longtime mistress, Katherine Swynford, the sister of Chaucer's wife, Philippa.

At sixteen or seventeen Chaucer went to work for some years in the household of the wife of the king's second son, Prince Lionel. Captured and ransomed in France in 1360 while serving in the army of Edward III, Chaucer appears to have settled down to study not only law, in the first instance, but also poetry and, Gardner believes, philosophy at Oxford, which still possessed some of the amazing intellectual vitality that had characterized it throughout the century leading up to the Black Death in 1349 (an event that seriously thinned the ranks of Chaucer's family).

From the end of the 1360s, when he accompanied John of Gaunt to France, until very nearly the end of his life, Chaucer was rather fully occupied with public duties (principally as a customs collector, until he became the king's clerk of works in 1389), and intermittently as an emissary on government missions abroad. During the first of his visits to Italy, he developed a preoccupation with Dante and probably met Petrarch, the greatest living European poet. From then on his fortunes rose with those of John of Gaunt, and tottered with them from time to time. But in a disturbed epoch he kept his head reasonably well above water. There were numerous actions for debt, and a prosecution for the *raptus* (seduction, Gardner thinks, rather than rape) of one Cecilia, but Chaucer seems to have steered well clear of risking the various kinds of horrible political death ready to overtake the public figures of his age.

The thin and bureaucratically specialized nature of the evidence on which a biographer of Chaucer has to rely means that John Gardner's attempt to integrate Chaucer's life with his times can be only partially successful. The strictly biographical element in the book, apart from the bare, official details of lawsuits and appointments, takes the form of a series of problems to which only conjectural solutions can be given—properly shown as such by Gardner with his apparatus of "it may be," "perhaps," and "let us hope."

He argues convincingly that Chaucer's father was not simply a tavern keeper, as supposed in this passage of engaging rubbish by F. J. Furnivall:

> We have him as a boy at his father's wine-shop or tavern in narrow Thames St., chatting, no doubt, with English and foreign seamen, with citizens who came for their wine, helping to fill their pots, perhaps—a natty, handy lad, but full of quiet fun. . . .

Chaucer was not a page to the countess of Ulster, wife of Prince Lionel, but a comparatively mature valet. There is more of a problem about the happiness of Chaucer's marriage. (But are we not commonly in this condition of ignorance even in regard to many of our closest friends?) It certainly does seem that Chaucer's wife not only had been a mistress of John of Gaunt, but was carrying her royal lover's child at the time Chaucer married her. More worrying to Gardner is the munificence heaped by John of Gaunt on a child born to Philippa Chaucer several years later. If John of Gaunt had returned to a comfortable old amorous oasis, Chaucer must have known of the fact, given the lack of privacy in the Middle Ages. Such a degree of husbandly complacency strikes Gardner as unacceptably obsequious and cringing.

On more literary matters Gardner does not believe that Chaucer ran out of creative steam around 1390, as some of Chaucer's exasperated poetic asides at first might seem to imply. He does not regard the "Retraction" at the end of *The Canterbury Tales* (or Thomas Gascoigne's comparison of Chaucer to Judas Iscariot as sinners who both repented too late) as showing that in old age Chaucer fell into remorseful panic. In general, Gardner's comments on the fair amount of Chaucer that he quotes are reasonable and often perceptive, without being very penetrating. However, one difficulty readers will encounter is that in an attempt to encourage us, with the aid of an appendix, to pronounce Chaucer's verse as it originally sounded, Gardner has had it printed in a way that intensifies its remoteness. "Quene of comfort and of good companyë/Beth hevy ageyn, or ellës moote I dyë" is just that crucial bit less approachable than what you would find in a standard anthology: "Queene of comfort and of good compaignye/Beeth hevy again or elles moot I die."

Another problem is that although Gardner tells us a lot about Chaucer's historical setting, about his official place within it, and, by reasonable inference from his works, about his personality, he has very little to say about Chaucer as a literary man. How large an audience did he have, how was his writing circulated (particularly in continental Europe, where he had a large contemporary reputation), how big an event was the reading of one of his new poems? All Gardner can offer is "He probably gave readings at the royal court—he'd been doing so, off and on, for years. . . ."

The popular novelist Anya Seton once wrote a book, entitled *Katherine*, about the Middle Ages in England. At one point a young lady introduces a sheepish young man she has in tow with the memorable words, "I'd like you to meet my fiancé, Dan Chaucer." Although there is nothing of quite that rugged splendor about Gardner's book, it abounds with literary infelicities that are intended, no doubt, to put the reader at ease. "Chaucer," Gardner says, "was a 'medieval poet' according to the hard-nosed notion of the Middle Ages largely invented by the Renaissance." He speaks of the "clout" of the rich London merchants of the age. He refers to dishonest peddlers as "con artists" and says, "Chaucer could find plenty to dislike in your average fourteenth-century friar." Of the city of Genoa when Chaucer visited it, I regret to say that Gardner remarks that it "was something else again."

Much work and ability have gone into *The Life and Times of Chaucer*, but the book remains something of an unassimilated jumble of somewhat unrelated elements. It may simply be that there is not enough of Chaucer's life available to survive in an account of his times without over-obtrusive guesswork. A book about the world of Chaucer with a narrowly biographical chapter might have served better. ◉

Books in Brief

Yellow Roses, Stories
by Elizabeth Cullinan
Viking/Grossman, 224 pp., $8.95

In her latest collection of short stories, Elizabeth Cullinan delicately pinpoints the ordinary concerns and extraordinary thoughts of what she calls "conventional people," embroidering them into an intricate sampler of memories of Catholic girlhood, adolescence, and young womanhood. Many of the stories are about men and women and about the pain they inflict on themselves or each other. For Cullinan, even stronger ties than that exist between the members of a family, ties that define the clannish Irish-American world she vividly conveys.

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Within this world, people are constantly making discoveries. Paradoxically, they find out how little they understand about themselves and others; how it is possible, say, not to know one's kin after 50 years, while knowing them all too well. A sense of guilt more agonizingly social than personally profound suffuses these lives, so that an atmosphere of the confessional, of rules and inhibitions, of traditional expectations, envelops almost every story. Like a latter-day James Joyce or Mary McCarthy, Cullinan offers up the universal elements of parochialism and turns descriptions of death and ritual into acts of insight.

These stories suggest autobiography raised to the level of fiction, but subtly so. Related to the self-consciousness of Cullinan's characters is a fine awareness of the patterns that situations create, and of people's ability to meditate upon them as such. With impeccable artistry and muted emotion, she does much the same. Her past becomes the stuff of contemplation; her writing, a profession of faith in her own considerable talents and in the quiet vitality of the people in her fiction.

—CELIA BETSKY

The Last Place on Earth
by Harold T. P. Hayes
Stein & Day, 288 pp., $10

THE Serengeti National Park in northern Tanzania, established in 1940 and currently 5,100 square miles in extent (though part of a much larger ecosystem), is home to the last great herds of wild animals, and so is a priceless link to man's biological past. Yet its survival is threatened, most acutely by the land-hungry people around its edge.

Hayes's book tells, in its own investigatory fashion, the entwined stories of this fascinating place and a particular man. He is a German zoologist of exotic character named Bernhard Grzimek (coauthor of *Serengeti Shall Not Die*), a "second Noah" who since 1957 has devoted much of his enormous energy to preserving the Serengeti for its animals and thus, as he claims, for man. Hayes traveled extensively with Grzimek, eliciting his views on conservation and related problems, but he also talked with other Serengeti cognoscenti: scientists, conservationists, a politician, and an animal cropper—white expatriates (an endangered species themselves) whose views both on Grzimek and on wildlife were often sharply divergent.

There's much that's problematic and confusing about the Serengeti, but two things are clear: its existence has become politicized, and its destiny has passed from white to African control. Happily, it appears that Africans, under leaders like Nyerere and Mobutu, are intensely proud of their wildlife heritage.

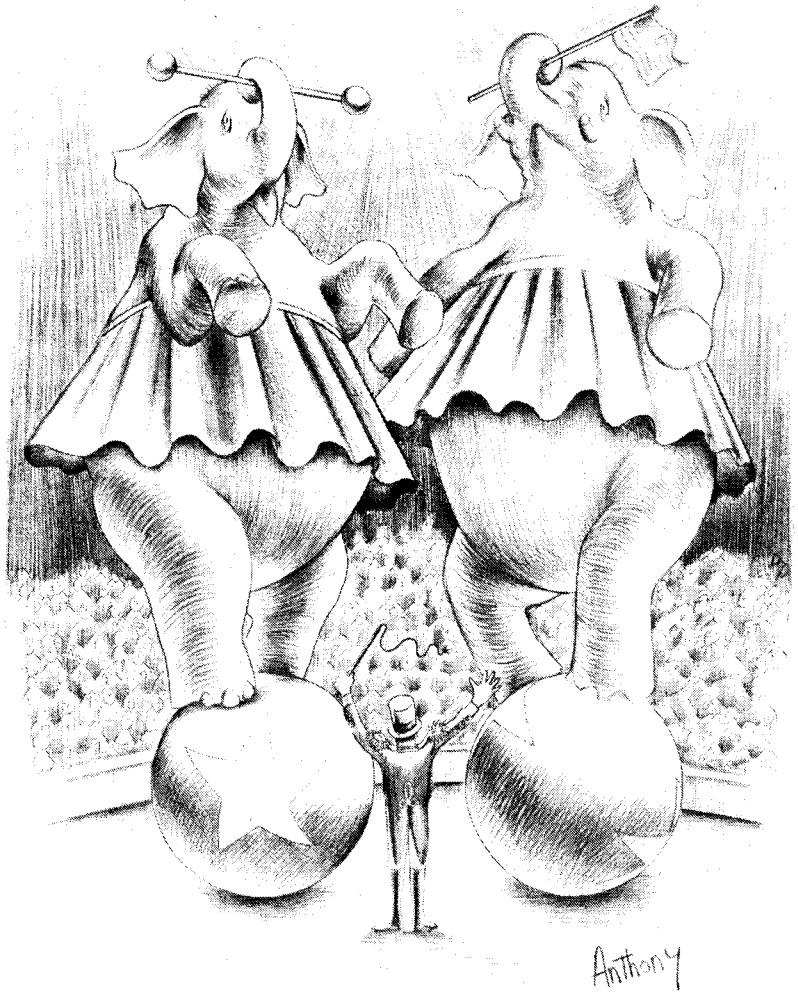
Despite some circuitousness and a certain hesitation in pressing awkward questions, this is an absorbing book, even an important one. —PETER GARDNER

The Fan
by Bob Randall
Random House, 242 pp., $7.95

UP TO now, Bob Randall has been making his name as a playwright (*6 Rms Riv Vu*, *The Magic Show*, *Odd Infinitum*), and he here draws upon his knowledge of the theater—and theatricality—for a splendidly unnerving novel told in letters. There is always something disquieting about reading other people's mail (you might get caught), even the fairly glamorous stuff posted to Randall's heroine, Sally Ross, an aging but game actress about to open in a Broadway show, *So I Bit Him*. The unease increases when it becomes clear that one of the letter writers, who signs himself "your greatest fan," is certifiably insane and not just lovably eccentric.

That this unhinged malcontent comes to be loathed as much for his queasy diction (he uses words like "wondrous" and scatters falsely genteel quotation marks around with an open hand) as for his bloody deeds and breathy sexuality is a tribute to a skill Randall must have picked up in writing for the stage. The other letter writers are also given their epistolary quirks, and sometimes their characteristic letterheads: Art Nouveau for Sally; Art Deco for a Fire Island friend; No Nonsense for Sally's gallant secretary, Belle.

Authors of this sort of civilized terror story have to possess, by nature or cultivation, a nice little streak of cruelty to drive their readers under the bedclothes. Rest assured, Randall does. —RALPH TYLER



"Some days I can't help wondering if they're laughing with us or at us."

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Too Explicit

John Updike is the best writer of light verse in this country, and there are many proofs of this in *Tossing and Turning* (Knopf, May 16, $7.95). He has an immensely good time writing about children, Caribbean islands, Harvard, weather, and, yes, he has fun with a couple of long sexual poems whose titles alone are too explicit to print in a family magazine. Here's a very special poem that only a novelist-poet could write, "Marching Through a Novel":

Each morning my characters
  greet me with misty faces
willing, though chilled, to muster
  for another day's progress
through the dazzling quicksand,
  the marsh of blank paper.
With instant obedience
  they change clothes and mannerisms,
drop a speech impediment,
  develop a motive backwards
to suit the deed that's done.
  They extend skeletal arms
for the handcuffs of contrivance,
  slog through docilely
maneuvers of coincidence,
  look toward me hopefully,
their general and quartermaster,
  for a clearer face, a bigger heart.
I do what I can for them,
  but it is not enough.
Forward is my order,
  though their bandages unravel
and some have no backbones
  and some turn traitor
like heads with two faces
  and some fall forgotten
in the trenchwork of loose threads,
  poor puffs of cartoon flak.
Forward. Believe me, I love them
  though I march them to finish them off.

Unputdownable

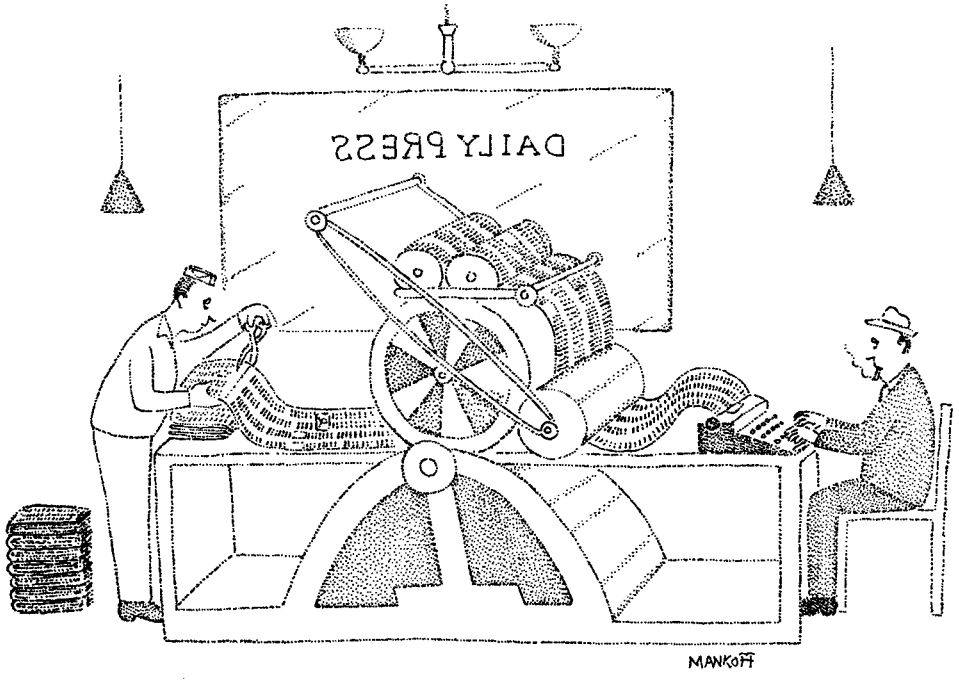
Colleen McCullough is a jolly redheaded Australian amazon in her late thirties who has written two novels. She is also a millionaire, which she wasn't until February 24, when Harper & Row sold the paperback rights for her second novel, *The Thorn Birds*, to Avon for a record $1,900,000. The book, which Harper & Row will publish on May 18, is a 646-page saga of the Cleary family—three generations in New Zealand, Australia, London, and the Vatican. I went to a press conference for Miss McCullough, and she came across as entirely likable, articulate, and understandably stunned. She wrote the gold mine in ten drafts in a year and a half, after chewing it over in her mind for three or four previous years. She has been working as a neurophysiologist at Yale for the past ten years, and she had been planning to enter nursing school in England around publication time ("American nursing schools are too expensive"), but now one wonders if she will. She doubts that she'll succumb to a male fortune-seeker—"Honestly, the questions people ask!"

A young editor whose opinion I respect whispered to me: "It's not my kind of book at all, but I couldn't put it down." So I read the first hundred pages. Well, I *could* put it down, reluctantly—other books to read in the line of duty. But I hope to pick it up again. One thing I'll say: *The Thorn Birds* is 1,900,000 times better than last year's number one best seller, Leon Uris's turgid *Trinity*.

A Nasty Certitude

Wilfrid Sheed, John Leonard, John Updike, and Gore Vidal: what do they have in common? All are novelists, and all are superb critics—the most readable in America. See Vidal's *Matters of Fact and of Fiction: Essays 1973–1975* (Random House, April 29, $10). I've read many of them in *The New York Review of Books*, but they're well worth revisiting. I know it doesn't sound complimentary, but I enjoy Vidal's air of nasty certitude. He takes apart the ten fiction best sellers of 1973; he comments acidly on the New Fiction: Barthelme, Barth, Gass, and Pynchon. He does the Adams family and General Grant. His piece on West Point—where he was born—is a whizzer:

Boys who go to West Point today do so for a variety of reasons, none having much to do with learning. There is the romantic appeal of the Long Gray Line. There is the cozy appeal of a life in which all important decisions will be made by others. There is the attractive lure of retirement at an early age —not to mention translation to the upper echelons of those corporations which do business with the Pentagon. Simply by stepping on an escalator, the West Pointer can have the sense of duty done, of honor upheld, of country served—and self, too. It is an irresistible package. Yet an instructor at the Academy recently commented (anonymously), "The cadets at West Point are fifth-rate." To which the answer must be: they are fifth-rate because that is what the system requires of them. Since they are not different from other American boys their age, their intellectual torpor is due to a system which requires loyalty and obedience above all else—two qualities that flourish most luxuriantly in the ignorant, most dangerously in the fanatic. ◉



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Altman Returns to the Labyrinth

by Judith Crist

ROBERT ALTMAN'S *Three Women* affirms his status as one of the most original, provocative, and adventurous of contemporary filmmakers, a man unique in his continuing probe of the possibilities of his medium, in the courage of his own conviction, and in his recognition of the potentials of performers.

This is his first wholly personal work since 1972's *Images*, and is, in fact, like that work, a multileveled surface thriller, its complexities unraveling in personal terms for those willing to explore the labyrinth below. *Images* could be dismissed—as indeed it was by both the literal and the superficial—as a study of schizophrenia; in depth, it was a dazzling consideration of self-image, of the persona assumed and of the persona assigned to others, of where the true image and the reality lie. After that five-character, small-canvas work, Altman, working with script collaborators and at times adaptation, expanded cast and canvas with *Thieves Like Us*, *California Split*, *Nashville*, and *Buffalo Bill and the Indians*. Now he has returned on his own, to small focus and personal probe, to explore the generational community of womankind, the core of maternity and maternal possession, the ultimate exclusion of the marauding male from the female circle. And so sure is the artistic hand of the producer-writer-director that you can settle for less, for a minutely detailed and slowly but surely enthralling semi-horror story, a chiller set in the scorching heat and white light of the California desert.

On the surface is the story of two Texas girls who meet on their jobs as attendants at a rehabilitation and geriatric center in Desert Springs (actually the environs of Palm Springs). Millie Lammoreaux, three years away from home, is assigned to show the ropes to Pinky Rose, a childlike and childish newcomer. Millie, played by Shelley Duvall (so memorable as the all-American seductress in *Brewster McCloud*, the juvenile moll in *Thieves Like Us*, the groupie in *Nashville*), is the ultimate ladies-mag product, a babble of self-improvement and man-trapping jargon ("Clean is Sexy" is her bulletin-board motto); her recipes, cataloged by preparation times; her pride, her two-room "decorated" apartment and her "famous" dinner parties (a typical menu involves crackers with squirted cheese, jars of shrimp cocktail, pigs in a blanket, chocolate pudding tarts made with precooked chocolate pudding from a can, with Tickled Pink and Lemon Satin the wines). Her "hangout" is Dodge City, a run-down tourist spot where the price of a beer gives her entrée to the closed circle of cyclists raising dust outside the bar and to the pistol range where only the proprietor, Edgar, pays heed to her. But Millie breezes through her world, constantly spouting her consumer-conscious aphorisms, confident of her sophistication, totally unaware of being ignored or laughed at.

To Pinky, played by Sissy Spacek (the remarkable child-woman of *Badlands*, *Carrie*, and *Welcome to L.A.*), Millie is, almost at first meeting, "the most perfect person I ever met." It is the initial, almost incidental, kindness that wins Pinky, so seemingly the love-seeker, an impoverished runaway with one pair of panties to rinse and wear, one dress until a salary enables her to make a second—and no sense of her own being. Seemingly.

The third woman, Willie, played by Janice Rule (too rarely seen of late, so memorable in *The Chase* and *The Swimmer*), is Edgar's wife, an artist awaiting the birth of her child, a silent woman who seems most native to the desert; her self-expression, huge, exotic wall and floor paintings of serpentine humanoids, their scaly arms and legs reaching out, viperish tongues lusting, the females' slanted eyes fastened on the womb, the male in macho body-builder's stance. They dominate the patio at Dodge City and flicker from the floor of the swimming pool at the Purple Sage Apts., which she and Edgar also own, and where Pinky is soon installed as Millie's new roommate.

"Seemingly" it is Millie who is leading the deprived child toward the good life she enjoys. But slowly the "child" assumes sinister aspects. Identical twins who work

Sissy Spacek and Shelley Duvall—"Impeccable bravura performance."

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at the center fascinate her; the possibility of their having interchangeable identities intrigues; beneath the nickname, Pinky confides, her given name, too, is Mildred; in Millie's absence she wears her robe, reads her diary. It is Edgar who brings the first dramatic climax to the girls' relationship, one that results in a macabre incursion on personality. More important is its revelations of the Millie behind the babbling, the loyalties and strengths at her core; and, as the surface melodrama plays itself out, the bonds that tie the three women in their womanhood are made clear, their roles defined and "dream" life fulfilled.

One must skimp on plot detailing, so unexpected and so revelatory is each turn of the tale. It is in the personalities that the true suspense lies, however, as Altman, ever at his own pace, draws one into his characters and opens possibilities in the shimmering glares of the desert; his refrain, the paintings, bathed in the clear patio sun and washed in the waters of the pool. They ultimately dominate the nightmare that is prelude to the final commune, the man banished, the female hierarchy established and secured—or, if you prefer, the final episode in a carefully detailed but subtle and elliptical tale, stylishly told, of a neurotic relationship that finds its resolution.

The total work is to Altman's honor, from the concept to the casting; his hallmark, the overlay of half-heard dialogue, the pungency and wit always audible. Certainly this is Duvall's vehicle, hers an impeccable bravura performance, her endless monologue given its underlining in the assurance of her tall, slender stride, her silence given nuance by the flicker of sensibility in her enormous eyes, the dumb superficialities of her public person acquiring substance through experience and finally revealing in crisis—and in character—a primal strength. Spacek, once again demonstrating the killer-female potential beneath the childish figure and Titian hair, sustains the duality of innocence and guile with impressive power. And Rule, who speaks barely six or seven lines in the course of the film, is, beyond her beauty, the ultimate earth creature, her aura of eternal femaleness extending beyond her presence. They are complemented by Robert Fortier's Edgar, whose claim to fame is having been Hugh O'Brian's "stunt double" on *Wyatt Earp*; John Cromwell (the director, now eighty-nine) and Ruth Nelson, as Pinky's parents; and others.

As always, Altman is master of his atmosphere, from the routines of the health center to the pistol range, to the solitudes and convivialities of the singles apartment, to the desert that reminds all Texans of Texas. The murals by Bodhi Wind and Gerald Busby's score are fascinations on their own. But once again—and it is his special art—Altman has relied on the eye of the beholder to perceive what is at the heart of the matter at hand, each according to his consciousness.

ALL that meets the eye—and paltry it is—is all there is to *Airport '77*, the third of the idiot entertainments that Arthur Hailey's best seller inspired (1970's *Airport* and 1974's *Airport 1975* preceded it). Its one virtue is that it suggests that the series is running its course. The current authors—Michael Scheff and David Spector—have apparently run out of airborne disaster possibilities, since the big action climax involves the disabled 747 sinking intact in the Bermuda Triangle, to be raised therefrom by an impressive display of Navy air-and-sea rescue hardware and technique. Not to worry, though: under Jerry Jameson's hiccupy direction the same old stereotypes and plot twists are on hand, with the clichés of submarine sagas added to the to familiar brew.

This time the commercial airport background is abandoned in favor of a private 747 flying a bunch of celebrities and a "priceless" art collection from Washington to Palm Beach, where tycoonish aircraft mogul James Stewart is turning his home into a museum. Jack Lemmon's at the controls; the celebrities include Joseph Cotten and Olivia De Havilland romantically reunited after 41 years' separation; Christopher Lee and Lee Grant domestically feuding; company executive Brenda Vaccaro trying to decide whether to marry Lemmon or head the Geneva office; a veterinarian who will perform like a people-doctor in the mayhem to come; Stewart's daughter and grandson, whom he hasn't seen in ages (Stewart's the one with an incurable disease this time); various bankers and retainers; and a cute little girl; and, of course, the hijackers, who have given the audience several valuable tips on how to crash airport security and gas a planeful of people. Trouble is, the copilot, who's in with them, doesn't know how not to hit an offshore oil rig, so it's the bottom of the ocean instead of a desert isle. Thank heaven for pilot error, if not for trash guaranteed to make it at the box office. ◉

Music to My Ears

by Irving Kolodin

LIKE the character of Poe's Madeleine, whom it commemorates, the dormant body of Claude Debussy's *La Chute de la Maison Usher* has been brought up from its resting place in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris by the enterprising Yale School of Music for what was described as a "world premiere" directed by C. William Harwood. Acceptance of this terminology has, of necessity, to be conditional. The work that Debussy left in fragmentary form at his death, in 1918, has been performed in various degrees of completion prior to the version by Carolyn Abbate utilized in New Haven.

Poe's great work of mysticism and, perhaps, incest had an unending fascination for the great French Impressionist ever since he became acquainted with it in his twenties in a translation by—who else?—Charles Baudelaire. Debussy's first intention was to create an orchestral work around the relationship of Roderick, his twin sister, Madeleine, and the decrepit mansion visited by the anonymous friend who relates the tale of their deaths and the debacle that befalls the house of Usher. Debussy's project later evolved into a one-act opera for which the Metropolitan Opera acquired a contract in 1908. When Debussy died, ten years later, the catalog of his manuscripts showed only 21 pages of reasonably complete material.

The cleverly conceived production, supervised by Graf Mouen in the not inappropriately Victorian Great Hall of Jonathan Edwards College on High Street, afforded a much more illuminating impression than ever before available of what Debussy was aiming to accomplish in his treatment of Poe. At the pace at which the early episodes of the story are retold, 21 pages of score account for nearly as many minutes. If the instrumentation is by no legal terminology Debussy's own, it attests to an honorable intention by Rob Kyr to put into playable form the particell (condensed score), which came into the possession of the Bibliothèque Nationale in the 1930s.

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Debussy at New Haven; Berman, Tennstedt

The relationship of voices and orchestra bears a family resemblance to Debussy's triumphantly successful treatment of Maurice Maeterlinck's *Pelléas et Mélisande*. For Poe, however, Debussy deviated from unswerving fidelity to the textual source by enlarging the malevolent character of the Doctor—only a shadowy figure in the background of the original—into an aural-visual presence. The character is used as a narrative device for interrelating l'Ami (the friend who comes to the house at Roderick's behest) and the other participants in the drama.

At best, however, one can speak only in generalities of the atmosphere and its promise as evolved by Debussy. L'Ami is a lightish baritone-tenor (admirably embodied by John Ostendorf), a Pelléas in another garb and of another time; but Madeleine (strongly realized by Sheila Barnes) is considerably more than another Mélisande. I found it difficult to associate the last utterance of Roderick (well visualized by John Cimino) with Debussy's description of it in a letter as "a long monologue . . . sad enough to make stones weep." Nor did I hear in much dense-sounding scoring for woodwinds and strings in the lower register a convincing counterpart of Debussy's always purposeful use of a tonal palette.

For my own taste, I would have preferred to have had the first presentation end at the point where Debussy's music ran out (as did the first performance of Puccini's unfinished *Turandot* at La Scala in Milan). That would have permitted a reflective evaluation of what had been heard. *La Chute*, however, went on—and on—with spoken excerpts from the libretto that doubtless served some purpose of the general audience, as Madeleine rose from the tomb, to which she had been consigned by the Doctor, and imposed her death wish on brother Roderick.

The Great Hall in which the performance was seen and heard possessed nothing more theatrical than a high, beamed ceiling. Considerable craft was utilized to evolve a platform at one end into a workable stage on which Miss Barnes in particular evoked a characterization by voice and movement. As a mute valet, Benjamin DeLoache did exactly what could be unreasonably expected of him after many years' observation—a perfect impersonation.

The orchestra of 30 or so (members of the Yale Symphony) worked hard to give conductor Harwood all he demanded, earning high marks for energy but only passing grades for intonation. Would Debussy have blessed or cursed this undertaking? Possibly he would have welcomed interest in his art decades after his life ended, but he would have denounced the disservice of joining it to Pergolesi's *La Serva Padrona*. In short, the Yales may be scholars, but they are no gentlemen. Debussy's contract with the Metropolitan specifically prohibited joining *La Chute de la Maison Usher* to anything but music of his own.

For Lazar Berman, in his second American season, things are clearly picking up. The Soviet artist has been picking up new enthusiasts, picking up praise, picking up engagements, and, of course, picking up checks. All these increments befit a singular musician whose dazzling ascension to prominence was elimaxed by a week in which he played a splendid recital to an audience that filled Carnegie Hall to the limit of auditorium and stage seats, and in which he appeared as soloist in a pension fund benefit concert with the New York Philharmonic, under the direction of Leonard Bernstein. At a top price of forty dollars per ticket, Avery Fisher Hall was understandably not sold out.

To describe Berman initially as a musician is to run against the tide of opinion that has flooded him with commendation as a virtuoso. That Berman has such a technique is the most obvious thing about him. What is less obvious is the mind behind all that muscle. In his Carnegie Hall recital, it was marshaled to the needs of Scriabin (Sonata No. 3), a series of Rachmaninoff preludes—in which the G minor was so well played that Berman had to stand up in acknowledgment to quell the spontaneous applause it generated—and Mussorgsky (*Pictures at an Exhibition*). Much of the overwhelming response to Berman's musical tour of the Mussorgsky gallery was aroused by the crash and sonority of "Bydlo" (an unwieldy oxcart on wobbly wheels), "Baba Yaga" (the witch's hut on fowl's legs that flies through the air), and "The Great Gate at Kiev." But the real visualization in this performance was conveyed by Berman's deftly discriminating articulation of the light, fleeting musical brushwork in the "Ballet of the Chicks in Their Shells," "Limoges," and "Tuileries."

As much could be said of his performance of the first piano concerto of Prokofiev at the benefit concert (sometimes against, rather than with, the Philharmonic, conducted by Bernstein, who, it will be recalled, prefaced the appearance of Sviatoslav Richter in a similar circumstance with a deafening production of Liszt's *Hunnenschlacht*). The picturesquely prophetic early work of Prokofiev had its full share of speed, power, and brilliance, but it was all suspended on garlands of finely etched detail that were arranged primarily in Prokofiev's honor, not Berman's.

The Berman–Bernstein program was an incident in a Philharmonic fortnight that included the first New York appearances of Klaus Tennstedt, a conductor long associated with activities in East Germany (from which he was liberated by an unintentional visa), and the Israeli violinist Miriam Freed. His direction and her performance of the Beethoven violin concerto earned commendation for total mastery of mechanics that stimulated interest in further musical acquaintance. With Tennstedt, this came immediately thereafter in a foursquare, well-organized performance of Prokofiev's Symphony No. 5.

For his second week, Tennstedt had scheduled a pairing of Haydn's Symphony No. 85 (in E flat, *La Reine*) and the Mahler No. 5. This provocative promise became the problem of David Gilbert, the Philharmonic's associate conductor, when Tennstedt developed a nasty bronchitis that forbade the exertion of rehearsals. The good news is that the Philharmonic excelled itself to play very well in both works; the not-so-good news is that Gilbert's Haydn was interpretatively tentative, his Mahler thoroughly confident but lacking the personality that should have accrued in normal rehearsals. ◉

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 120

Ernest V. Heyn:
Fire of Genius

Structures of his geodesic and other designs today are built by the thousands throughout the world. He has more than a hundred licensees. Bucky Fuller has been called a Rube Goldberg who takes himself seriously, a visionary, even a nut. Some nut!

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Artsletter

The Menuhins of Highgate

by Roland Gelatt

YEHUDI MENUHIN celebrates his sixty-first birthday this month with the publication of a remarkable autobiography, *Unfinished Journey* (Knopf, $12.50)—remarkable not only because of his literary skill in relating the course of an eventful career, but even more because of his philosophical skill in probing for the essential truths behind the mundane chronicle. It is a wise and absorbing *apologia pro sua vita* by a man who first burst upon the musical scene half a century ago as a prodigally gifted boy violinist, and who has lived to become a leading, if sometimes controversial, world citizen. It is also a sustained and touching love letter to his wife, the vibrant and irrepressible Diana, who for 30 years has shared and helped to navigate Yehudi's unfinished journey.

A few weeks ago, I visited the Menuhins at their home in Highgate, a quiet oasis half an hour from the center of London, and perhaps the least spoiled of all the city's many "villages." Theirs is a spacious Georgian house, with a large walled garden and a long drawing room enveloped from floor to ceiling in handsomely decorated, lovingly polished paneling—the room of a man who well appreciates the life-enhancing resonance of fine wood. This past year the Menuhins have seen a good deal more of their Highgate home than is normally the case because Yehudi has been on a "sabbatical" since his sixtieth birthday last April. If Diana's eyebrows arch at the mention of that word, it is because their year away from the concert circuit has not been quite the carefree respite they had originally envisaged.

There have been lectures, recording sessions, and a few mandatory guest appearances that could not be postponed. There have been several new causes to embrace —among them a project called Live Music Now, which has been patterned on the Young Audiences organization in America and is meant to bring the joy of live music into British schools and community centers. And there have been a multitude of prosaic chores in need of long-delayed attention.

But if the sabbatical has been less than carefree, the Menuhins have at least been able to stay put. "The big thing for us was *not* traveling," Yehudi acknowledges. "When other people take a year off, they usually want to forget their normal lives by going off on a cruise around the world or doing something equally exotic. For us the delight was in staying at home and enjoying what London has to offer."

Although Yehudi was raised in California and still maintains an official domicile in Los Gatos, his preferred base—and Diana's hometown—is London. "It's a wonderful place from which to radiate," he says. "London really offers everything one needs, and it remains the humane center of the world, the focal point where all the European strands have gathered. I greatly admire the English people, their innate sense of decorum and moderation. They have learned to trust their inclinations—and those inclinations are usually on the side of good sense. I also love the climate, which has surely helped to form the English character. It is infinitely changeful, though never violent as in America. But having said all this, I also have to say how much I still love California. We return there eagerly twice a year."

THE Menuhins are in Los Gatos now, spending the final days of the sabbatical year with Yehudi's parents, Moshe and Marutha, still fit and active in their early eighties. They figure prominently in the pages of *Unfinished Journey*, for the Menuhin family has always been knit together

Yehudi and Diana Menuhin at Highgate—"'Ensconced on Cloud Nine.'"

David Farrell

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with bonds of strong affection and respect. During the years of Yehudi's early renown as a boy and teen-age prodigy, his parents protected him in cocoonlike isolation from the buffets and rigors of the real world. In time he came to the realization that "my life was in a manner full of holes," but not before he and his sister Hephzibah had both embarked on ill-considered and ill-fated first marriages. "That lack of contact with life," Hephzibah later wrote to her brother, "made awful fools of us when we faced our first life situations. We were incapable of functioning as creatures of free will; we were mentally cognizant of every problem, but only as a theoretical dilemma."

If Yehudi today harbors any resentment toward his perhaps overprotective parents, it is artfully concealed. "What they did," he says, "can only be interpreted as complete and selfless devotion. No doubt they prolonged the period of incubation. It has taken many decades to fulfill, or to round out, what they planted. But the longer one waits, the more there is to glean from life."

"Remember," Diana interjects on a more practical note, "what they had to do. Yehudi's parents felt they had to keep him away from the crowds and the clamor and the glamour. I think they made the right decision, even if this also meant shielding him from life's normal bruises."

WHETHER as a result of that shielding or not, Yehudi Menuhin is a blissfully openhearted inhabitant of a milieu in which petty, unprincipled cynics run rampant. "I discovered early on," Diana says, "that he was a very special kind of person —someone without any of the wicked, amoral qualities I had met up with in the ballet world of my early years. Yehudi still remains gloriously ensconced on Cloud Nine. My job is to keep him up there. I'm chief caryatid in this establishment."

From that lofty perch sustained by Diana's well-organized devotion, Yehudi Menuhin strives to bridge the gaps between peoples and cultures and to fulfill his ambition "to bring about an occasional reconciliation on humanity's behalf." That ambition has often been thwarted, and there have been occasions, as he admits in his book, when his actions have excited the very passions he meant to soothe. But the sense of purpose and of commitment remains, and it is this—even more than his musical accomplishments—that compels our attention and admiration. ◉

Fine Arts

About Art Museums and the National Gallery

by Katharine Kuh

AN ENDLESS flood of visitors inched through the central hall and down the curved stairway at the National Gallery in Washington. Patient fans sometimes waited five or six hours to view Tutankhamun's treasures, which can only be described as fabulous, so lavish indeed as to seem almost vulgar. Also arresting was an installation that permitted crowds to circulate comfortably in spacious, yet unexpectedly intimate, surroundings. Objects, frequently shown in the round, were intelligently explained by brief, informative labels. The exhibition was deliberately geared to a large public. More sparsely attended was a newly opened survey of Dutch seventeenth-century drawings and prints from American collections, a specialized group demanding a certain erudition to enjoy.

The two exhibitions point up the National Gallery's dual role: to provide the highest possible quality while yet appealing to a widely diverse population. Almost a million people circulated through the Egyptian show before it closed in March to travel throughout the country. Only a fraction of that number will visit the exhibition of Dutch graphics, but both surveys are important, though they answer different needs.

"Our touchstone is quality, which is not necessarily the same thing as rarity," said J. Carter Brown, director of the National Gallery, during a discussion last February on the future of American art museums, with special emphasis on his own. When I questioned him about the aims of these institutions, other than preservation, acquisition, and education, he replied, "I can't think of any others," an answer I found reassuring. What with museums becoming supermarkets for cut-rate group trips, popular movies, souvenir sales, cocktail bashes, treasure hunts, auctions, and gallery tours frequently led by well-

The Ultimate Professional

Dennis Brack/Black Star

J. CARTER BROWN, director of the National Gallery of Art, was born in Providence, in 1934, of a prominent Rhode Island family. His preparatory education was formidable, with an A.B. and a Master of Business Administration from Harvard, and subsequently post-graduate study in art—in Munich, in Florence under Bernard Berenson, at the Ecole du Louvre in Paris, and at the Netherlands Institute of Art History. Finally, he earned a master's degree from New York University's Institute of Fine Arts and an LL.D. from Brown University. Few museum directors have enjoyed such intensive advance training in both art history and administration. Brown came to the gallery in 1961 as assistant to the director and became director himself eight years later. ◉

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meaning but scarcely well-versed volunteer "docents," paintings and sculpture are often obscured by peripheral activities. To accept the primacy of art as Carter Brown does may seem elitist to some; to me it seems a cause for celebration.

Despite an insistence on quality, the National Gallery realizes it is here to serve the entire country. I asked Brown how his institution differs from other American art museums. "Much of the difference," he finds, "is implicit in its name. We're national, supported by the taxes of all American citizens. However, not a penny of the enormous sums that have made possible our collections has come directly from the federal treasury. Enlightened tax laws have done much to encourage gifts both here and elsewhere in the country. The gallery's collection has been and continues to be built by private donation. Beyond that, federal money supports everything except a few top salaries."

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, to be sure, is something of an American miracle, for it took more than sheer wealth to create in 40 years a collection that already rivals many of Europe's most illustrious institutions, institutions that in some cases required centuries to shape. Moreover, it is important to remember that the National Gallery is not an inclusive or a general art museum. It is purposely called a "gallery" and restricted to paintings, sculpture, and graphics from America and Western Europe dating back only to the Middle Ages. "We're not trying to be all things to all men," says Brown, "yet as a national institution we are trying to serve all parts of the country." The fact that the works encompassed are circumscribed by specific limitations of chronology, geography, and media provides more opportunity for specialization in depth.

Brown stresses the gallery's far-flung educational extension services. "Each year we reach more than four thousand communities in all fifty states, supplying schools and various other organizations with audiovisual material." Films, taped slide lectures, printed study guides, and color reproductions cover a wide selection of subjects; one cannot help but admire the scale of this program, if not always the scope. Valuable as such services are, I for one would hope for extension courses that might go beyond orthodox canned techniques. Just how this can be accomplished on a popular level remains an almost insurmountable challenge, but one that must eventually be explored in terms of new psychological commitments. Carter Brown recognizes the problem, realizing that "the original work of art is what it's all about."

The same nagging question presents itself to all of us concerned with the inadequacies of present-day visual education. How can we use the immediate world around us to explain art with some degree of emotional validity? Filmstrips and canned lectures are surely not enough. Most electronic devices (including those popular earphones plugged into museum visitors) only impart information; they rarely provide the sense of discovery that makes art come to life, and I mean "to life"—not merely alive. For the layman eager to understand art, didactic methods can be more stultifying than revealing, and the emphasis on "communications" could actually overwhelm art. We hear much about contemporary "technetronic" mechanisms, but very little about the need for intensive research where visual content is concerned, the very content that eventually will be spewed out by elaborate and costly equipment. Communication and education overlap at times, yet they should never be confused as one and the same.

Perhaps in the thoughtful atmosphere of Carter Brown's National Gallery and in its new Center for Advanced Study in the Visual Arts, scheduled to open next year, some serious investigation in the field of mass art education is in order. The people of this country need to experience art subjectively, as a resource leading to a fuller knowledge of themselves. And it will take the joint efforts of open-minded thinking in such special areas as psychology, anthropology, history, archaeology, and art to come up with some inventive new ideas.

In Brown's office several fine twentieth-century paintings predict the opening of the gallery's East Building, where not only the Center for Advanced Study will be located but also, for the first time, space will be provided for modern art. A Feininger, a brooding, dark Rothko, and one of Tobey's most radiant examples of "white writing" will eventually move to the new building, which at least externally (it is still unfinished) seems an adroit solution to an awkwardly shaped site. Designed by I. M. Pei, the handsome addition, with its clean, sharp contours, adapts itself gracefully to its graceless parent structure. Brown considers the latter "one of the most successful museum buildings in the world," but I have always found it unwieldy and pompous—a throwback to the rigid palace architecture that was the inherited setting for many European museums. After all, the National Gallery opened its doors in 1941, at a time when more flexible solutions were possible.

THE director made it clear "the new building is not to be a museum of contemporary art, but since the National Gallery is an anthology, it cannot stop at any capricious moment in history." Realizing that Washington is well provided with museums covering the present century, his hope is to include only definitive modern works, so that the progression from medieval times to our own will offer uninterrupted continuity. He went on to say, "At the Center for Advanced Study we will be able to combine the resources of a great collection, an extensive art library, and a vast visual data bank that includes a comprehensive photographic art archive." Only a few days after our discussion, the gallery announced a gift from the Federal Republic of Germany comprising 20,000 photographs of that country's principal works of art, thus bringing the holdings of the archive to more than 670,000 items.

A number of fellowships are already available for both European and American students. With the opening of the center, more will probably be provided and the annual professorship-in-residence will be continued. Such outstanding authorities as **Wolfgang Stechow, Ellis K. Waterhouse, Jakob Rosenberg, and Rudolf Wittkower** are a few of the scholars who have occupied this post. The superior facilities at the center will offer the staff of the National Gallery, its fellows, and professors-in-residence a unique opportunity for sustained interaction. As far as I know, no other museum in the country is involved in a comparably coordinated educational setup for advanced study. For young curators the fellowship program could prove invaluable; they cannot help but return to their own institutions revitalized and recharged. At least for several months (in some cases for as long as two years) they can forget attendance figures, donors, and deadlines. The investigation of art under virtually ideal conditions will be their sole concern.

I asked Brown three additional, somewhat controversial questions, which I note below with two of his answers.

QUESTION: "What kind of training does a director of an art museum need?"

BROWN: "I feel, wherever possible, the chief executive officer of an art museum should have a strong background in the primary substantive area of his institution.

Continued on page 58

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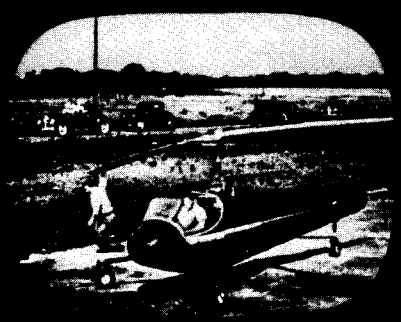
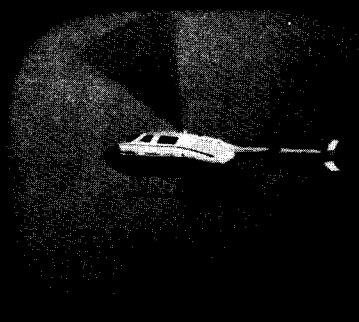


When the first Bell helicopter got off the ground in 1943 it was slower than a family car. Even so, some people thought there'd be a helicopter in every driveway some day.



It never happened, but a lot of other things did. Enough to create 12,000 jobs at the Bell Helicopter Division of Textron, and that's just a part of the helicopter industry.

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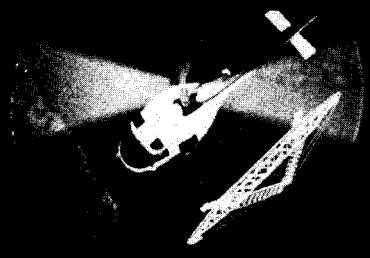

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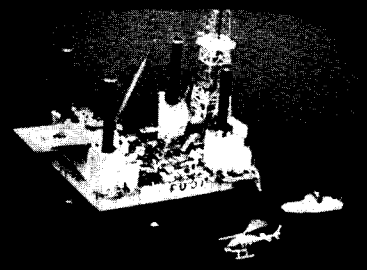

Who could've foreseen all this in 1943? The helicopter found its place because Bell and its competitors were free to respond to needs as they developed.

and free to keep working on ideas for tomorrow. Constantly to find better ways to

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National Gallery *from page 56*

I am diffident about prescribing for others, but I believe that administration is a means to an end rather than an end in itself, and that the director of an art institution should be able to call upon administrative support while yet supplying aesthetic leadership."

For me, the last two words are the crucial ones. In recent years an increasing number of art museums, due to rising costs and dwindling funds, have been turning to executives other than art authorities to head their institutions. In many cases this practice has led to better balanced budgets but feeble art attainments.

QUESTION: "With museums constantly enlarging their plants and with mounting inflation, how can these institutions hope to meet their future fiscal responsibilities?"

BROWN: "As I see it, the individual donor is not the solution for the future. We haven't even started to scratch the surface of corporate assistance—or of government. Where the latter is concerned, the key is to insulate grant-giving processes from direct political interference."

The last question I put to Carter Brown was left unanswered. Having read a recent book called *Self-Portrait with Donors*, by his predecessor, John Walker, I was curious to learn just how far a director or curator must (or, shall we say, should) extend himself to court benefactors. The volume, written lightheartedly, describes Walker's adventures with a number of the National Gallery's patrons, several of whom were, to put it gently, characters of extraordinary eccentricity. To deal with them demanded patience, agility, and a course in advanced psychotherapy. I presume the degree to which directors must indulge donors hinges on how much the works in question are desired.

I do, however, agree that the individual benefactor is gradually bowing out, to be replaced by corporate largess, which should result in a whole new ball game and surely a more impersonal one. For giant corporations, this form of patronage may prove viable while still less costly than conventional advertising techniques. Tax deductions as spurs to giving may yield to corporate promotions. Public relations representatives are already acting as go-betweens, thus dispensing with the necessity for certain time-consuming social amenities. Precisely because business and government are assuming more important roles, art museums must rely increasingly on professional directors thoroughly experienced in the field of art. Otherwise we may end up with well-run business ventures but not with art museums. ◉

Light Refractions

Hell's Angels, Hellcats, Lightnings, and Black Widows

by Thomas H. Middleton

I DON'T know just when the "rotogravure" went the way of the iceman, Tom Mix, and bottles of milk with the cream on top, but it's been many years since I last saw a rotogravure section, and I suppose there's more than a generation of Americans who don't know what the rotogravure was—whose only experience with the word might be in Irving Berlin's song "Easter Parade": "The photographers will snap us, and you'll find that you're in the rotogravure."* In my mind, the rotogravure is linked inseparably with Charles A. Lindbergh. When most Americans think of Lindbergh, I suppose they connect him with the *Spirit of St. Louis*, aviation in general, courage, or, if their thoughts are negative, Nazism. Not me. I think immediately of the rotogravure.

For those of you too young to remember, the rotogravure, or "roto," was a section of the Sunday paper. It was sepia in color, it had a sort of waxy shine to it, and it was full of pictures of Charles A. Lindbergh and the Prince of Wales (later, of Edward VIII and Wallie Simpson). At least, that was how it seemed to me in my youth. Being mostly photographs, the roto section had a great influence on the young people of the Twenties and Thirties, and I'd be surprised if all those roto pictures of Lucky Lindy didn't, in their own way, do a great deal for American aviation.

Of course, there were the movies, too —*Wings*, *Hell's Angels*, *The Eagle and the Hawk*, *Dawn Patrol*, and so on. And there were the airplane-model kits that demanded more from the kids than just gluing together "premolded" plastic parts.

THE kits I remember from my childhood contained plans, glue, paint, a little sandpaper, a block of balsa wood, and a few strips of balsa with the outlines of wings, rudders, ailerons, and other parts stamped on them so they could be easily carved, shaped, and sanded. The only parts we didn't have to carve were the two little wheels and the gummed-paper insignia. If the model was a biplane, and it usually was, we also had little bamboo struts to rig between the two wings—not a job for a fumble-fingers. We carved the fuselage out of that hunk of balsa, and we carved the wings and ailerons and

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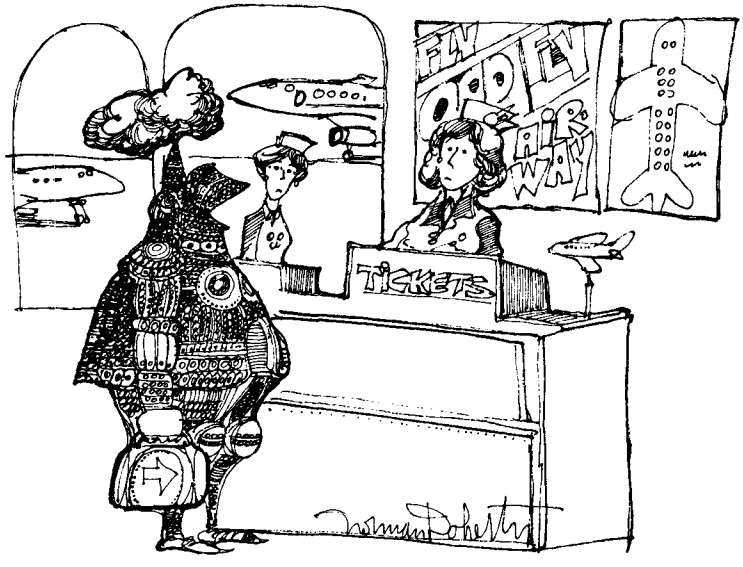

"Is this where I check in for the knight flight?"

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things out of those strips, and then we sanded (to me, the least pleasant job, because I sanded my fingertips more than anything else), and then we glued. Gluing those struts between the wings was the trickiest part. When the glue was set and the model looked solid, we painted it. After the paint dried, we stuck the insignia on—inevitably either red-white-and-blue bull's-eyes or Maltese crosses.

The really skilled among us built flying models consisting of thin wooden strips glued together to form a featherweight skeleton that we covered all around with sheets of tissue paper, which was then coated with dope to make it taut and tough. The propeller was powered by a long rubber band. When the propeller was rotated vigorously by hand, the rubber band knotted itself up, storing energy; when released, the propeller spun strongly as the rubber band unwound, and the frail craft then, theoretically, took to the air.

I built one of those flying jobs. Its flight was brief and humiliating. My plane was red, wrinkled, and slightly lopsided. I wound the propeller tight, let go, and my creation took an immediate skew to the right, keeled over, and landed at top speed, propeller first. The propeller kept hopping around, driven by its still-tight rubber band, but the wings and fuselage were a total wreck.

This nostalgic voyage was launched when I started wondering why airplanes don't seem to have names anymore. Missiles and space shots have names, but the only modern airplane I know of that has a name is the Concorde. Otherwise, we have 707s, 747s, B-52s, F-111s, and so on. If they have names, the names are not widely known. We used to have Constellations, Mustangs, Hellcats, Black Widows, Lightnings, Corsairs, Catalinas, Flying Fortresses, Superforts, Spitfires, Hurricanes, and a dozen others.

I suppose the bewilderingly sophisticated technology of modern aircraft has a lot to do with it. A giant machine operated by complicated electronic systems backed up by backup systems, backup-backup systems, and backup-backup-backup systems can inspire admiration, confidence, awe, wonderment, and perhaps even affection, but not, I think, the sort of affection that yields colorful names.

Times change, of course, and we change with them, but to me, much of the romance of aviation is still tied up in the roto pictures of Lindbergh, those balsa models, and those Black Widows, Mustangs, and Catalinas.

Spirit of St. Louis, meet 747. ◉

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Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 86* (see page 44): Doctors think a lot of patients are cured who have simply quit in disgust. —Don Herold

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Unsolicited Testimonial Department

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Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton

				1 T	2 X	3 B	4 H	5 D	6 P		7 C	8 O	9 Z²		10 R	11 V	12 N		
13 G	14 K	15 S	16 E	17 Z		18 M	19 B	20 O	21 R	22 X	23 U	24 W	25 Q	26 A	27 T	28 S			
29 R	30 D	31 K	32 E	33 A		34 R	35 N	36 I		37 K	38 P	39 G		40 F	41 X		42 T		
43 N	44 V	45 G	46 Z²	47 Q	48 U	49 A		50 Z	51 E	52 B		53 U	54 R	55 F	56 X	57 D	58 N		
	59 M	60 C	61 H	62 J	63 Q	64 S	65 W	66 M	67 Z	68 L	69 K		70 K	71 X	72 S	73 E	74 D		
75 G	76 P		77 Z¹	78 I	79 A		80 O	81 Z	82 P	83 J	84 Q	85 F		86 O	87 A	88 U	89 N		
90 S	91 B	92 Z²	93 P	94 V	95 K		96 X	97 I		98 J	99 Y	100 H		101 E	102 C	103 U	104 W		
105 V	106 I	107 D	108 B	109 F	110 Z	111 O		112 K	113 D	114 Z¹		115 Z	116 J	117 O		118 T	119 G		
120 Z²	121 B	122 X	123 M	124 Y	125 Z	126 O	127 K	128 E		129 Z	130 P		131 D	132 T	133 M	134 V	135 F		
136 Q	137 I		138 B	139 Y	140 E		141 F	142 Z²	143 D		144 J	145 Y		146 E	147 Q	148 P	149 O		
150 D	151 M	152 Z¹		153 V		154 Y	155 K	156 Q	157 I	158 U	159 R		160 V	161 Y		162 V	163 Z		
164 G	165 C	166 J	167 W		168 U	169 P	170 B	171 F	172 W	173 Y	174 D	175 Z²	176 H	177 M	178 K		179 W		
180 F		181 W		182 V	183 N	184 R	185 F	186 L	187 M		188 C	189 Z		190 O	191 B	192 K	193 D		
194 W		195 P	196 E	197 S	198 N	199 W	200 L	201 T	202 M	203 R		204 Z¹	205 H		206 L	207 O	208 Z		
	209 D	210 W	211 V	212 C	213 N	214 Z		215 E	216 Z¹	217 L	218 Q	219 O	220 M						

Number 121

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES

A. Born follower

B. Marine sculpin found from Alaska to southern California (2 wds.)

C. Dally

D. Russian composer (1903–, *Gayané*)

E. Carbonlike

F. Ancient Greek city in northern Egypt

G. Wavering or hesitating in opinion

H. Give utterance to

I. Stupid, dense, lubberly

J. Florentine painter and architect (c.1266–c.1337)

K. Huge, ponderous

L. Cast off, drop (2 wds.)

M. Whirlybird

N. Put up with

WORDS

26 33 49 79 87

91 108 121 170 191 3 19 52 138

165 188 212 7 60 102

5 30 57 107 113 131 143 150 174 193 209 74

101 128 146 196 215 16 32 51 73 140

141 171 185 55 85 109 40 135 180

39 119 164 218 13 45 75

176 205 4 61 100

106 137 97 157 36 78

144 166 62 83 98 116

127 178 192 14 37 70 95 112 31 69 155

186 200 206 217 68

123 151 202 18 133 177 187 220 59

66 89 198 213 12 35 43 183

CLUES

O. Tiny person (comp.)

P. Knotty, labyrinthine

Q. Redbug

R. Bestowed lavishly

S. Trojan hero, son of Anchises and Venus

T. Aura

U. Pillage

V. One who manages the affairs of another

W. Rogue, scamp

X. Continuing without interruption

Y. Excessively fastidious in taste and manner

Z. Lacking in what is necessary or required

Z¹. "Virtue cannot live/Out of the _____ of emulation" (*Julius Caesar*)

Z². Foil, cat's-paw

WORDS

207 86 117 149 219 111 190 8 20 126 80

93 130 76 148 169 195 38 82 6

136 147 25 47 63 84 156

184 34 54 29 203 21 10 159

197 15 64 28 72 90

201 27 132 118 1 42

168 23 53 88 158 103 48

162 44 94 211 11 134 153 105 160 182

194 179 172 104 167 181 199 58 65 24 210

41 2 22 96 56 122 71

161 145 154 173 139 124 99

67 17 125 163 50 189 81 110 129 208 214 115

77 114 216 204 152

120 92 142 175 46 9

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 120* appears on page 53.

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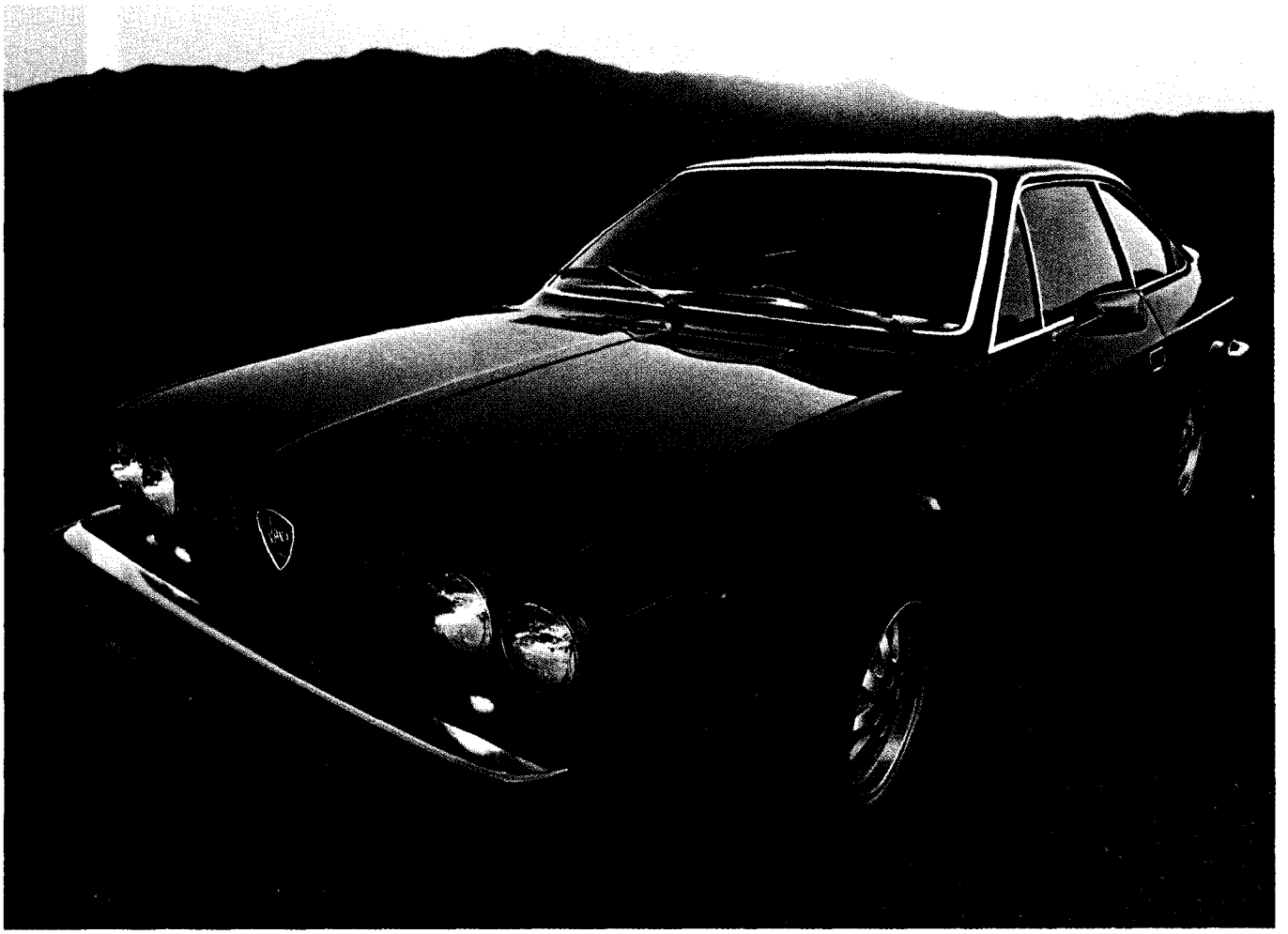

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